

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



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FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1921.

SIXPENCE

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REVIVAL

JOAN was dreadfully unhappy; her young man had jilted her; the thing had been very sudden, and they had been engaged quite six months; there was a stricken look in her eyes as she sat pretending to read in the kitchen. She hadn't the heart for anything. This was one of her cinema evenings, and Mary Pickford was at the "Gem de Luxe," but now—! Yet it was terrible indoors. Her mother, ironing, was more fretful than usual; her father noisily sucked his hollow tooth as he sat reading the evening paper; while her young brother, busy with his home lessons, kept up a breathless muttering, "Seven ones are seven, seven twos. . ."

Joan felt she would go mad; a sharp exclamation of pain escaped her. "A stab in my side!" she explained to inquiring eyes, and laughed queerly. Then her mother, going for a fresh iron, stumbled over Joan's feet. "If you can't 'elp," her mother scolded, "you needn't sprawl your legs all over the place."

Joan went out into the dimly lighted streets, tears dribbling miserably down her plump cheeks. Near the oil-shop a tall, thin girl stopped her, and, seeing the tears, inquired what was wrong.

"Oh, Bertha!" cried Joan, weeping aloud.

"Can I help you, dear?" said Bertha. She spoke gently, striving to hide the curiosity she felt.

Joan did not speak.

"Tell me," urged the other. "It will help you."

"It's Jim," sobbed Joan, "he's chucked me!"

Bertha felt vaguely disappointed; but she smiled into the darkness. On the opposite side of the road a policeman watched them curiously.

"Come along with me," said Bertha, and Joan allowed herself to be led away.

"I know what it's like," said Bertha presently, "but mebbe it's the Lord's way of leading you to 'oliness."

"Keep your 'oliness to yourself!" retorted Joan fiercely.

"But I mustn't! I daren't!" said Bertha with aggressive smoothness. "As like as not, this may be a judgment on you."

"How d'ye mean judgment?"

"Well, didn't you chuck Sam Jones when he came back from the war?"

Joan's sorrow broke out afresh.

"Yes," she wailed, "but you don't know why."

"I can guess," said Bertha harshly.

"You can't," cried Joan brokenly, "you can't." She clutched her friend's arm with a shaking hand; horror looked from her eyes.

"Have you ever been cuddled by a chap with artificial arms?" she said, breathing hard.

Bertha shivered; the two walked on in silence.

Presently Bertha spoke again.

"Why not come to the Saviour's arms?" Then she added briskly, "I'm just off to the meeting."

"As well there as anywhere else," thought Joan, and nodded. She was feeling more wretched than ever.

Bertha led her friend into a crowded room. There was a smell of tepid varnish, the shiny walls, punctuated with floral texts, streamed with moisture; but

the warmth and the light were pleasant. The room seemed full of young people; this surprised Joan; they were singing a hymn; it sounded rather jolly. How loudly they sang! Joan found herself standing by a tall young man; he was nice-looking and smartly dressed.

Smilingly he offered to share his hymn-book with her; he pointed out the verse. Joan noticed how dreadfully his finger-nails were bitten, red and sore and bleeding. The loud singing pleased her; she listened to the young man as he joined in the refrain,

Ever abiding, Jesus is mine,
Always confiding, rapture divine.

The heavy atmosphere and the frequent repetition of the chorus had a soothing effect on Joan; she was feeling a little sleepy when Bertha whispered, "Only two months ago he was a drunkard and blasphemer."

Joan started; she was relieved to see Bertha nodding in the direction of the platform, where a short, stout man was leading the singing. As he sang he swung his arms, the purplish rash on his cheeks extended and deepened, his neck swelled, his lips protruded, and he smiled continually to the ceiling.

"What a horrid man!" thought Joan.

Yet when, a moment later, he knelt and prayed, she was thrilled by his rich, pleading tones. What wonderful words he used! Love . . . blood . . . bliss . . . sin . . . redemption . . . Pentecost . . . sanctification . . . woe . . . wedding garment . . . paradise. He spoke ecstatically of a crucified God; of creeping into the cleft of a wounded breast. The prayer ran on amid sounds of moaning mixed with sharp ejaculations. He hugged himself the while, and licked his lips. Joan watched him with a sort of fascination; she was feeling queerly enervated. Then he opened his eyes and seemed to look full on her. She bowed herself over the back of the bench. The voice took on a new and richer note.

"O Lord, if there is a brother or sister 'ere who even now is resisting the offer of Thy precious love, soften their 'earts; let them throw themselves on Thy gentle bosom and cling to Thee, Thee only, for ever."

He stopped among tumultuous "Amens," and the worshippers, still kneeling, sang together:

I surrender! I surrender!
I surrender all to Thee.

Joan was strongly moved; the bench on which she leaned pressed painfully against her breast; tremors invaded the whole of her body, painfully delicious tremors; curiously familiar they were. She felt like sinking on the ground. . .

I surrender! I surrender!

She wanted to do that; she was hungry to give. Her troubles were forgotten, she looked up, the young man was watching her with a strained look. What nice eyes he had! She wished she was wearing her best coat.

A young girl began to pray; she was pale and thin, and wore spectacles.

"Common-looking!" thought Joan.

As she prayed the girl's face became aglow with passion, she stretched out long thin arms, she groped with her hands, and her body writhed hideously. She thanked God for cleansing her soul from blackest guilt; vile as she had been, her sins were wiped out. Oh! the joy to see the nail-pierced hands stretched out to her. She had grasped them and would never let go. Her craving heart, filled with longing desires, was satisfied. . . . Her voice rose to a scream; people wept; behind a man muttered incoherently. Suddenly the girl ceased, her tense body collapsed and she dropped to her knees with a loud sigh of content.

Joan longed to be able to pray like that. In the supervening silence she felt restless; her unhappiness returned. She wanted someone to start praying. A gas jet began to hiss; someone was sucking peppermint. A belated and torpid fly settled on the seat before her and struggled vainly to free itself from the sticky varnish. Joan helped it with her finger.

"Joan," whispered Bertha, "can't you forget the world for a while?"

Immediately in front a shabby youth began to utter loud ejaculations. He quivered with emotion, his body swayed rhythmically, and he rubbed his thighs with his hands.

As he prayed he jerked his head backwards, a boil on the back of his neck jaggng viciously against his stiff, frayed collar.

Joan hid her face.

"Poor young feller!" she thought, and wondered if there was anyone to take care of him. She was glad when he stopped and a fresh chorus started:

Jesus is calling, calling you now;
Come get acquainted with Jesus . . .

Then came a pause.

"Don't waste the precious moments!" said the leader. "Now is the time! When our hearts are stirred and softened! Don't lose touch!"

The young man next to Joan began to fidget; Joan watched him furtively. Oh! if only he would stop biting those pitiful finger-nails! He sprang fiercely to his feet, and, spitting out a splinter of nail, began breathlessly to pray. What he said Joan did not know, but the broken voice touched her as nothing before had done. She longed to comfort him. When he stopped his face streamed with perspiration and he sat down heavily like a man spent. He touched Joan's sleeve.

"Won't you surrender yourself to-night?" he whispered.

Joan trembled and bent her head lower.

"It may be your only chance," said the young man. "Surrender, surrender now."

"I will! oh! I will," cried Joan, and wept unashamed.

The young man shouted a triumphant "Hallelujah!" and started a refrain:

Take me now, Lord Jesus,
Thine to be! Thine to be!
Take me, hold me, keep me, Jesus!
Thine and only Thine to be!

At Bertha's door the girls said good-bye.

"It was lovely!" said Joan, and ran home happily.

CHAS. H. BARKER.

ENCOUNTERS

EVASION

"And what do you think of the International Situation?" asked that foreign Countess, with her foreign, fascinating smile.

Was she a spy? I felt I must be careful.

"What do I think?" I evasively echoed; and then, carried away by the profound and melancholy interest of this question, "Think?" I queried, "do I ever really think? Is there anything inside my head but cotton-wool? How can I call myself a Thinker? What am I anyhow?" I pursued the sad inquiry: "A noodle, a pidgewidgeon, a ninny-hammer, a bubble on the wave, a leaf in the wind, Madame!"

THE PYRAMID

"To read Gibbon," I remarked, as we paced up and down that terrace in the sunshine, "to peruse his metallic, melancholy pages, and then forget them; to re-read and re-forget the Decline and Fall; to fill the mind with that great, sad, meaningless panorama of History, and then to watch it fade away from the memory, as it has faded from the glass of Time—"

What is more enchanting than the dawn of an acquaintance with a charming woman to whom one feels one can communicate one's thoughts? But how often those dawns are false dawns!

It was her remark about History, how she believed that the builders of the Great Pyramid had foreseen and foretold the future course of events, which made a gigantic shadow, a darkness as of Egypt, loom between us on that terrace.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH.

Poetry

ON THE VANITY OF HUMAN ASPIRATIONS

"In the reign of King James I. the aged Countess of — met her death, at the age of a hundred and forty years, through falling from an apple-tree."—*Chronicles of the Times*.

In the cold wind, towers grind round,
Turning, turning, on the ground;

In among the plains of corn
Each tower seemed a unicorn.

Beneath a sad umbrageous tree
Jane the goosegirl I could see,

But the umbrageous tree behind
Ne'er cast a shadow on her mind—

A goose-round breast she had, goose-brains,
And a nose longer than a crane's;

A clarionet sound, cold, forlorn,
Her harsh hair, straight as yellow corn

Seemed; her eyes were round, inane
As the blue pebbles of the rain.

And Jane the goosegirl said to me:
"There's been a sad catastrophe.

The aged Countess still could walk
At a hundred and forty years, could talk,

And every eve in the crystal-cool
Would walk by the side of the clear fish-pool.

But to-day when the Countess took her walk
 Beneath the apple-trees, from each stalk
 The apples fell like the red-gold crown
 Of the kings that the Countess had lived down—
 And they fell into the paven pool.
 The grandmother fish, enjoying the cool
 (Like the bright queens dyed on a playing-card
 They seem as they fan themselves, flat and hard),
 Float in their long and chequered gowns;
 Darting, they searched for the red-gold crowns
 In the castles drownèd long ago
 Where the empty years pass weedy-slow,
 And the water is flat as equality
 That reigns over all in the heavenly
 State we aspire to, where none can choose
 Which is the goosegirl, which is the goose . . .
 But the Countess climbed up the apple-tree—
 Merely to see what she could see
 Because to persons of her rank
 The usual standpoint is that of the bank."
 The goosegirl smoothed down her feather-soft
 Breast: "When the Countess came aloft
 King James and his courtiers, dressed in smocks,
 Rode by, a-hunting the red-gold fox,
 And King James, who was giving the view-halloo
 Across the corn, too loudly blew;
 And the next that happened was—what did I see—
 But the Countess fall'n from the family tree!
 And King James could only see it was naughty
 To aspire to the high at a hundred and forty,
 Though if, as he said, she aspired to climb
 To heaven, she certainly has, this time!"
 And Jane the goosegirl laughed: "Tee-hee—
 It was a sad catastrophe!"

EDITH SITWELL.

SLEEP'S MARVEL

A marvel I looked upon,
 From waking hid,
 Born of sleep, and gone
 With the lifting lid.
 Was it the loveliness
 Of one white flower
 That mourns a dead Princess
 On a rock by a tower?
 Or lit my sleeping eye
 On that far countrie
 Where fierce red parrots fly
 On a bright green sea,
 And, touching with ruby wings
 That emerald main,
 Their passage round them flings
 A jewelled rain?
 Or vague was the delight
 As the summer air
 That shakes in and out of sight,
 Yet is ever there?
 Ah, just as I'd win it clear,
 Straight was it hid,
 Dimmed in the mist of a tear
 On the lifting lid.

IOLO A. WILL IAMS.

REVIEWS

PROFESSOR MURRAY'S
"AGAMEMNON"

THE "AGAMEMNON" OF ÆSCHYLUS. Translated into English
 Rhyming Verse, with Explanatory Notes, by Gilbert Murray.
 (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR MURRAY'S version of the "Agamemnon," less successful, we think, than his "Bacchæ" and "Hippolytus," but far more successful than his "Œdipus," has given us much pleasure and instruction. Let us place that fact on record at the outset, since we shall have some criticism to make before we have done. There is much in Professor Murray's work with which, on first, and even on second thought, we find ourselves unable to agree. But we shall endeavour to take a lesson from the perfect kindness and urbanity with which Professor Murray himself is wont to treat his critics. We shall say, with the wise old counsellor of Argos,

Oh, let us find the truth out ere we grow
 Thus passionate! To surmise is not to know.

The motto has its lesson for old-fashioned sceptics like the present writer, as well as for the devotees of vegetation-spirits and year-demons.

There are very noble things in this translation; for instance, the great central chorus, with its description of the sufferings caused by war. It is the first version we have seen in which the relevance of the ode to Clytemnestra has been made clear:

In the mid castle hall, on the hearthstone of the kings,
 These griefs there be, and griefs passing these,
 But in each man's dwelling of the host that sailed the seas,
 A sad woman waits; she has thoughts of many things,
 And patience in her heart lieth deep.

Clytemnestra mourned, not for a soldier, but for Iphigeneia.

Or take as an example Clytemnestra's utterance when the palace door swings open, and the Queen is discovered, blood-stained, axe in hand, triumphant, over the bodies of her husband and Cassandra:

Oh, lies enough and more have I this day
 Spoken, which now I shame not to unsay.
 How should a woman work, to the utter end,
 Hate on a damned hater, feigned a friend;
 How pile perdition round him, hunter-wise,
 Too high for overleaping, save by lies?
 To me this hour was dreamed of long ago;
 A thing of ancient hate. 'Twas very slow
 In coming, but it came. And here I stand
 Even where I struck, with all the deed I planned
 Done! . . .

That is finely said, and faithfully translated. But as Clytemnestra proceeds with the grim recital of her accomplished programme, something happens. We are not sure what. It is not, we are certain, that Professor Murray deliberately tries to gild the Æschylean gold. He is far too modest for that. But, when Clytemnestra says, "I struck him twice, and with two groans he slacked his limbs and lay there; and I struck one more blow . . .," some wanton Muse makes Professor Murray hear her say:

Struck twice, and with two cries
 His limbs turned water and broke; and as he lies
 I cast my third stroke in.

It is this same Muse who, when the watchman grumbles that he has to spend his nights on the palace roof "like a dog," understands him to compare himself to a "sleuth-hound." It is thrilling that she should do so, but we fancy Æschylus reserved that particular thrill for the moment when the Furies, veritable sleuth-hounds, began to hunt the trail of blood.

Sometimes this baggage of a Muse leads the translator to strange places. When Ægisthus threatens the loyal

Argives with prison-fare in a dungeon, he uses the fine phrase "hunger lodged with unfriendly darkness." To the translator's Muse that seems inadequate. She must needs turn the darkness into a "clammy murk." In the Ægisthus scene it matters little. It is more serious when she plays her tricks with the translator's sense of humour at the noblest moment of the Cassandra scene, which he has very finely rendered. She actually thinks she hears Cassandra say :

To this last shining Sun
I pray that, when the Avenger's work is done,
His enemies may remember this thing too,
This little thing, the woman slave they slew !

In the "Medea," we seem to remember, when the heroine cried, "Heart, heart !" the Muse persuaded Professor Murray that he heard her say, "Down, down, thou tortured thing !"

We regret it, because the rest of the speech is so good :

O world of men, farewell ! A painted show
Is all thy glory : and when life is low
The touch of a wet sponge outblotteth all.
Oh, sadder this than any great man's fall.

That is beautiful, though even here, in the last couplet, we feel that something has been sacrificed to the rhyme. We want the scene to end, as it began, with the word "pity."

For Æschylus, we think, even more clearly than for Sophocles, blank verse or prose should be the translator's medium. The rhyming couplet breaks up the dramatic paragraph, which in Æschylus is always very carefully constructed. It tends to give the speeches a lyrical, even an elegiac effect. Perhaps, indeed, we shall not go far from the truth if we say that Professor Murray's genius is more lyrical than dramatic. We hesitate to say it because we still remember the fine promise which he gave us of a great dramatic translation in his blank-verse rendering of one of Clytemnestra's speeches in his "History of Greek Literature." We hesitate the more because in his notes and introduction Professor Murray has so much to say about the characters that will certainly be helpful, and so much, we think, that will stand the test of performance and be confirmed as true in the actual production of the play.

Because, of course, in reading Professor Murray's book, we have been thinking all the time of Cambridge, and of the help which our ambitious enterprise next March can draw from the great Oxford scholar. Nor have we been disappointed. His vision, in particular, of Clytemnestra seems to us not only (as we expected) more subtle, but also nearer the truth, more just to Æschylus, than that of many commentators. Tradition, as represented, for example, by Paley, makes her a monster, always lying, always masked, a ruthless intellectual, brilliant but hard, as triumphant at the end as she is cold and calculating and unflinching while she lays her plot. That vision, the Clytemnestra of the hatchet and the mask, is true, and perhaps in Professor Murray's Clytemnestra, with her Euripidean "agony of prayer," her "nervousness," and even "hysteria," we miss something of "the man's mind," the white-hot hatred, the joy of battle, the splendid cynical irony, of Æschylus' creation. But it is true that Clytemnestra, as conceived by Æschylus, is something more than a magnificent masked fiend.

Headlam added much. He saw her as the instrument of Ate, the personified Temptation (Peithô), luring Agamemnon to his pride and ruin. He revealed the tragic interest of the central crisis, when the Queen, by flattery, by argument, and finally by the unscrupulous use of her last weapon, sex, induced the King to tread the fatal purple, the symbol of his arrogance. That discovery transformed the play. It put the choral odes into their place as parts of a magnificent design. It showed us Clytemnestra as a second Helen, not less charming, not less fatal.

But even Headlam did not exhaust the significance of this wonderful creation. Clytemnestra is the woman of the mask and the hatchet ; she is also the personified Temptation, using her womanhood to charm her husband to his ruin. But she is more than all this. She is herself, as Professor Murray dares to say, "sympathetic or semi-sympathetic." She is not only terrible, but tragic ; a woman, turned into an avenging fury by her capacity for love as well as for hate. She is capable by nature not only of the hardest cynicism, but of the tenderest imagination ; not only of the meanest thoughts, but of the most generous. Her love for Iphigeneia is the key to her psychology. She has a woman's heart, "sanguine" as Æschylus says. She thinks too, after her vengeance, she can build a new life, modest and free from hate. It is her tragedy that by her vengeance for her outraged love of her child, she has robbed herself, in life and even after death, of all love. That is the explanation of the last scenes of the play, in which, as Professor Murray points out, she is, in truth, at first "possessed," insane with triumph ; but in which the ecstasy is turned into "an affliction," and the defiance into a longing for peace. Clytemnestra listens silently while Ægisthus rants about his triumph. She has no triumph left in her now, only, behind her mask, the longing for peace. She is still sanguine enough to hope against hope that with Ægisthus she may "order all things well." The spectators know that, with her own conscience and with Ægisthus, she cannot. She is a monstrous wife. She might have been a very noble mother. And, in the sequel, she will be killed, in the name of filial piety, by her own son, whom, we believe, in the great moment when she first recognizes him, she loves.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

CIVILIZATION ?

SEVENTY YEARS AMONG SAVAGES. By Henry S. Salt. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE history of England during the last seventy years can be best understood, Mr. Salt thinks, by supposing England to be a land inhabited by savages. The hypothesis that Englishmen are civilized beings requires so much suppression and distortion of obvious facts that it is better to give it up altogether ; the savage hypothesis, on the other hand, explains everything so simply as almost to appear a self-evident truth.

Mr. Salt's first acquaintance with the complexion of English life was made as a King's Scholar at Eton. There was practically no discipline at Eton in Mr. Salt's young days ; the little savages did pretty well what they liked with the masters. Latin verse was one of the fetishes, and the hunting and breaking-up of hares one of the pastimes. Sometimes other animals were employed. As late as the headmastership of Dr. Balston (1857-68) it had been permitted to the boys, as a variation from the hare-hunt, to pursue with beagles a mutilated fox deprived of one of his pads. Mr. Salt tells us that in all the hundreds of sermons he heard preached in Eton College Chapel, he never heard a word on the subject of cruelty. As Mr. Ralph Nevill remarks in his "Floreat Etona," "It was an era when the sickening cant of humanitarianism, born of luxury and weakness, had not yet arisen, to emasculate and enfeeble the British race." The boys' brutality towards the working classes was sometimes ingenious. Some poor old almswomen used to come to the College Hall for remnants of bread and other victuals. The young Etonians prepared what they called "Hag-traps," pieces of bread hollowed out and filled with mustard, pepper, salt, and left lying about for the old women to take home. As Mr. Salt says :

Was it Waterloo that was won in the Eton playing fields ? I have sometimes thought it must have been Peterloo.

From this training ground Mr. Salt proceeded to Cambridge, and eventually came back to Eton as a master. It was during this second sojourn at Eton that Mr. Salt made his first "discovery." He discovered that it was wrong to eat the flesh of animals, and he became a vegetarian. The question is, to him, purely a moral question. The Darwinian theory has made untenable the isolated position arrogated to himself by man, and with it the naïve doctrine that animals are "sent" to man for his use. In eating one of the higher animals man is, in fact, guilty of something very like cannibalism. Whatever we may think of these arguments, Mr. Salt took them with great seriousness, and being by now thoroughly out of sympathy with the general outlook at Eton, he left the school. And so he became a humanitarian, a pacifist, a follower of the simple life; in fact, one of the people who are generally dismissed as faddists. But we find it difficult to dismiss Mr. Salt as a faddist; for one thing, his sense of humour forbids the classification. And there is so much on which he is obviously right. His detestation of "blood-sports," for example, is something that all humane people can share. And we agree that flogging should be abolished.

But we are not prepared to accept the whole of Mr. Salt's programme. That may be because we are insufficiently civilized, but it appears to us rather as an inability to accept some of the assumptions of Mr. Salt's arguments. We found ourselves smiling at his description of the death of his cat, the cherished companion of years; yet we like cats. The way we rationalize this—possibly—unregenerate tendency in ourselves is by asserting that Mr. Salt is as anthropomorphic as his opponents are anthropocentric, that his conception of animal psychology is as unscientific as is his opponent's belief in the radical difference between man and the animals. Perhaps, on the whole, it is better not to eat beef; it is mere nonsense, however, to say that the man who eats beef is a cannibal. As a point of tactics it is perhaps useful to overstate the case in this way; certainly it is inadvisable to state the case moderately, since the "brutalitarian" pounce eagerly on any statement which can be distorted so as to support their practices. Probably we shall understand Mr. Salt's position better if we allow for the fact that he is still a fighter and is still weighing the propaganda value of his remarks.

Even if we are not willing to subscribe to the whole of the humanitarian creed, we may admit that, as developed by Mr. Salt, it gains in coherence what it loses in plausibility. "Blood-sports" may be condemned, by beef-eaters as well as by vegetarians; and we can agree that war is not a civilized activity, even if we are reluctant to accept the whole pacifist position. This still leaves sufficient weight to Mr. Salt's contention that we are really savages; we have, indeed, a civilization, but we are not civilized, and for this reason there is a good chance that modern men will destroy the civilization they have. Apart from his argument Mr. Salt's volume is thoroughly entertaining for its reminiscences of well-known people, and for the gusto with which he describes the sallies by which the Humanitarian League diversified its customary trench warfare. A parody of the brutalitarian arguments which was taken seriously by the defenders of blood-sports is one of the most entertaining and instructive of these.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE have published a centenary edition of George Crabb's "English Synonymes" (6s. net). This really valuable work has been brought up to date, and we miss some of those robust conservative definitions by which Mr. Crabb sought to correct the subversive tendencies of the age. But that is a merely sentimental regret. Crabb was a singularly honest and clear-headed man, and though we believe his "Synonymes" is not so popular as Roget's "Thesaurus," we think it a better and a more useful book.

YOUNGER POETS

CAMBRIDGE POETS, 1914-1920. Compiled by Edward Davison. (Cambridge, Heffer & Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)
 OXFORD POETRY, 1920. Edited by V. M. B., C. H. B. K., A. P. (Oxford, Blackwell. 2s. net.)
 WHEELS, 1920. Edited by Edith Sitwell. (Parsons. 6s. net.)

ONE may conveniently divide poets into two groups, as they are more interested in their emotions, or more interested in their public. The former group includes that vast body of obscure literati, most of whom die about the age of twenty-three, to reincarnate shortly afterwards as professional men, business men, prosperous or unprosperous practical citizens of all kinds. Of those who do not die at twenty-three, the majority pass into the other group and remain there. A few are left in the first group, learning to subdue the forms of language to their passion; and of these are the Immortals.

Two of the books under consideration are written chiefly by those now studying at Oxford and Cambridge. We might, then, expect to meet with a good deal of naïve, clumsy verse, produced under the stress of that emotional unrest which subsides for most once the threshold of practical life is passed. Such expectation, not without charm, of witnessing the experiments of artless sincerity, will be disappointed. Our authors are not childlike or uncouth at all. When they are naïve, it is in the most artful way. They have outgrown the uncertainties and graces of youth—we would not count self-assertion among the latter. They have, indeed, joined the second group we distinguished above; they are more intent, we conceive, to produce effect than to catch in sudden words the very elusiveness of a passionate mood. Their poems are too often hard and obvious, and the dominant note is self-consciousness.

The harshness of this judgment may be qualified in two respects. In the first place, we are necessarily, in these brief notes, gathering up our total impression of the work reviewed; individual merit may have escaped our notice; we could not linger over each page with the sympathy that may discover the spirit of a poem beneath a cold, toneless exterior; we might only hold ourselves ready to respond to any distinct appeal to our sense of wonder and beauty. And we must mention the only instance, save here and there in the work of the better-known poets included in the Cambridge book, of such a claim upon our attention and delight. It is the little poem of Mr. E. N. Da C. Andrade, entitled "Shadow and Smoke," which, owing to lack of space, we regretfully refrain from quoting. Its twelve lines are of great intensity and swiftness of movement, and this is a work of most promising art. We should have liked a much larger selection from his poems.

Our second qualification is of a more general nature. We are judging these poems by a particular standard, that of emotional appeal; we believe this to be the absolute standard of poetic criticism; but one might regard them from other standpoints, and find, perhaps, much to praise in their intellectual, or metrical, or sentimental, or moral qualities. This appreciation we will not attempt. Laying aside these two volumes, we may cheerfully question whether they are representative of the verse of the youngest literary generation. Editors of University anthologies will almost inevitably choose from the poems submitted to them those which at a casual glance bear a resemblance to the work of senior anthologies; the typically bad will be preferred to the more hopeful individually bad.

We regret that our opinion of "Wheels, 1920," must be compressed into the smallest possible space. We are compelled to adopt the unsatisfactory course of saying that we do not think it is very good, without adequately explaining why. Much of what we said of the University poets applies to the authors of "Wheels." Only here

the self-consciousness is even more acute, the aiming at effect even more strenuous, the cleverness a little more mature. Miss Sitwell has vitality, and, should she for a moment forget to maintain her pose, might prove after all the reverse of tiresome. F. W. S.

PRELUDE

BLISS; AND OTHER STORIES. By Katherine Mansfield. (Constable. 9s. net.)

THE pervasive incentive of "K. M.'s" work as a critic of fiction is her creative penetration. She invariably endeavours to pierce behind her author's achievement to his conception, to compare what is done with what there was to do, the given representation of life with life itself as witnessed to in her own experience. But, as Dryden says, "till some genius, as universal as Aristotle, shall arise, who can penetrate into all arts and sciences, without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable that the judgment of an artificer in his own art should be preferable to the opinion of another man." And here, in Miss Katherine Mansfield's collection of stories, we see K. M. as artificer at work in her own art. It is an art that is a kind of divination, and justifies or validates her criticism. For she can no more help "making things up" than she can help making things come alive. One glance at a face, and its secrets are hers; at a scene, and her mood responds to it. Without fear, without favour, though not without predilection, she accepts, explores, makes herself at home in the chosen phase of reality. Her consciousness is as clear, it is only *apparently* as indiscriminating, as a looking-glass. The spirit that surveys its field is delicate yet intrepid, fastidiously frank. To her very finger-tips she is in love with beauty, and securely so because her love springs out of her devotion to truth. "... but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

Whatever the actual medium of her story, whether that of general observer, so to speak, in "Prelude," or "Feuille d'Album," or in "Escape," or of that "true Parisian," Raoul Duquette, skipping and grimacing along the border of insanity, or of the eager, trustful "little governess," a grand-niece of Jane Eyre, or of that flimsy popinjay Mr. Reginald Peacock, or of that nursery Adam and Eve, "Sun and Moon," or of the intensively neurotic Monica in "Revelations," or of poor battered Miss Moss, the pitch of mind is invariably emotional, the poise lyrical. None the less that mind is absolutely tranquil and attentive in its intellectual grasp of the matter in hand. And through all, Miss Mansfield's personality, whatever its disguises, haunts her work just as its customary inmate may haunt a vacant room, its *genius* a place. For this very reason, perhaps, her finest pieces of characterization are such "ordinary" people as the clean-cut young Englishman Ian French, the guardian of "the little boy" in "Psychology," the epicure of "Dill Pickle," the young "Man without a Temperament" who in torture of soul and body scarcely utters one unusual syllable, except, perhaps, "Tres rum," and the vigorous Harry in "Bliss."

"The aforesaid Rosamond had a little coffer scarcely two foote long, merueylous artificially wrought, wherein gyauntes seeme to fight, beastes do startle and stirre, and fowles flyng in the ayre, and fishes swim in the water, without any mannes mouyng or helpe." So with these stories. The giants in them may barely seem to win their semblance of a fight, but the stirring beasts startle to some purpose, the fowls fly high, the fishes swim deep, and Rosamond gazes on, engrossed in every conceivable manifestation of the depicted problem, Life; whose answer—to go on with—is merely its indefatigable

insistence on itself, its defiant momentum. Not one of Miss Mansfield's *vile* ones (however steep the glimpses we get of the glissade) comes to a bad end; not one of her meek, cheated, enduring ones inheres the earth (it is doubtful, even, if Fate ever succeeds in hatching Ian French's egg). Their heaven is out of sight, deep, illimitable, within themselves. Yet whatever this unflinching contemplation and acceptance of life may perceive and reveal, what is left over for the reader, his reading done, is a gentle, champagne-like shimmering of delight. The world of this book, despite human abuse of it, illumined by human realization of it, remains never else than lovely and significant.

If perhaps we ask, Significant of what? Miss Mansfield does not answer, outright. "The pear tree was as lovely as ever and as full of flower and as still." In spite of shock and disillusionment, in spite of the seemingly wanton destruction of faith, vision, or happiness, whether Sun's; or Bertha's in "Bliss"; or the little governess's; or Mouse's in "Je ne parle pas Français"; we are left believing (sipping maybe meanwhile from a little privy bottle of sentimentality, *not* supplied by the author) in human virtue and integrity.

As for Miss Mansfield's craftsmanship, her sense of construction, the precise, concise progress of her stories—to watch them in action is an æsthetic pleasure not less rare than that bestowed by her coming-alivedness. She steps lightly on from saliency to saliency, everything in its exact apt aspect (in "Bliss," for outstanding instance), though the journey is apparently as smooth as Blondin's on a tight-rope. In the usual sense, her style is not "style" at all. She hesitates at no awkwardness, at no short cut.

She looked at him; she saw herself looking at him in the white kimono like a nun. "Is there something the matter here? Has something happened?" But George gave a half shrug and a grimace. "Oh, no, Madame. Just a little occurrence." And he took up the piece of hair again. But, oh, she wasn't deceived. That was it. Something awful had happened. . . . Where was she going now? . . .

George took a brush. "There is a little powder on your coat," he murmured. He brushed it away. And then suddenly he raised himself and, looking at Monica, gave a strange wave with the brush and said: "The truth is, Madame; since you are an old customer—my little daughter died this morning. A first child"—and then his white face crumpled like paper, and he turned his back on her and began brushing the cotton kimono. "Oh, oh," Monica began to cry. She ran out of the shop into the taxi. The driver, looking furious, swung off the seat and slammed the door again. "Where to?"

"Princes," she sobbed. And all the way there she saw nothing but a tiny wax doll with a feather of gold hair, lying meek, its tiny hands and feet crossed.

It will not be a waste of time to ponder for a moment over the *here*, the *occurrence*, the *piece of hair*, the *took*, the assonance and Biblical rhythm of *gave a strange wave with the brush and said*, the *since*, the *began's*, the *feather*, the *lying meek*. These minute strokes disclose the method of this writer, and prove that her imaginative gaze is fixed on the object. Spontaneity, impulse—their services are as indispensable as they are fortuitous, and genius, like mercy, droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven. But what captivates the intelligence in such work, what in itself is an emanation of the moral, and a tribute to the ultimate reasonableness of life, is the discipline and self-sacrifice, the restraint, the economy, the endless pains of so true an artist.

Her vision casts far its beams, illuminates a naughty world; and we may be content merely to scrutinize the world in its light. Hardly less precious to any true observer is the experience of watching the conscience in deliberation behind the eyes. That experience in these stories—of a promise certainly no less manifest than their achievement—is one of the rarest of lessons, the most secret of joys.

GOETHE

THE LIFE OF GOETHE. By P. Hume Brown. With a Prefatory Note by Viscount Haldane. 2 vols. (Murray. 36s. net.)

II.*

WHAT intrigues and interests most readers of Goethe is the history of his attitude to life. Attitude to life is the proper phrase, rather than philosophy or religion. For though he took from these whatever suited him, he avoided formulating a creed. After a kind of debauch, in his early youth, of intoxication with magic and mysticism, he settled down into acquiescence in the limits of human faculty. "Man was not born to solve the problems of this world, but rather to discover the limit where the problems begin, and then to keep within the limits of the comprehensible." But while he refused to dogmatize or to construct a system, he speculated freely, and without troubling about consistency. In this way he came into sympathetic contact, at one time or another, with almost every possible attitude. In his youth he was the typical romanticist, a Byron before Byron. In middle life he had a conversion to Hellenism. Yet he made a kind of return, later, to a purified romance, and in the second part of "Faust" tried to reconcile the two outlooks. Similarly, he was both drawn to and repelled by Christianity, so that on that subject it is possible to collect from his sayings the most opposite judgments. This would not at all have troubled him, if it had been brought to his attention. For he would have said: "I saw one thing at one time, and another at another, and there was some truth in all I saw." He was an adherent of no religion, but an appreciator of all.

From religious feeling [he wrote in his old age] no man will hold himself aloof; it is impossible for him, however, to contain his feelings within himself, and he therefore seeks or makes proselytes. The latter is not my way; the former I have faithfully tried to carry out, and from the creation of the world I have found no confession which I could have accepted in its entirety. Now I learn in my old age of a sect, the Hypsistarians, who, hemmed in by heathens, Jews and Christians, declared that they would treasure, admire and honour the best, the most perfect that might come to their knowledge, and, in so far as it must stand in near relation with the godhead, pay it reverence. Then at once a cheerful light broke on me from a dark age, for I felt that all my life long I had been endeavouring to qualify myself for a Hypsistarian. That, however, costs no little effort, for how comes man, in the limitations of his individuality, to know what is more excellent?

Clearly, Goethe was not an atheist. He might be called an agnostic, but an agnostic with a passionate interest in the unknown, and a need to express his conjectures about it. His interest in religion distinguishes him from most people who profess religion. The world as a whole, the problem of it, the beauty, terror, and wonder, the fragments of discoverable law, the challenge to the imagination and the intellect, all that was constantly present to him. It was the sea on which swam all his bladders of science and art. And when he makes his homunculus, so perfect within his glass bottle, glow and glow brighter and brighter, till the glass breaks and he is swallowed up in the vast and moonlit ocean, that was surely an emblem of his deeper forecastings. One is reminded of the close of Shelley's "Adonais," and of a very curious passage cited by Professor Brown from Goethe's own fragment of "Prometheus."

It was this imaginative feeling about the world that at once attracted him to science and made his science, in one sense, unscientific. He seems always to have been in pursuit of a Spirit in nature. He adhered to a teleological view. Not, of course, in the silly sense in which (as he himself put it) God is supposed to have created cork-trees in order that men might stop beer bottles, but in the Aristotelian sense, that nature as a whole, and every creature of nature, was governed by a purpose. He would not have said, in Mr. Santayana's ironic phrase, that nature was "a

philosopher in pursuit of an idea." But he would have said that an idea informed her, and each of her living parts, and directed them towards perfection. This is an æsthetic notion rather than a scientific one, in the modern sense. And Goethe's objection to Newton's theory of light was æsthetic. It offended his sense of the way in which nature was likely to go to work, to suppose that she compounded white light of a number of discrepant elements. He conceived, says Professor Brown, "that the simplest means are invariably employed to effect nature's ends, and his insuperable objection to the Newtonian theory was that it contradicted nature's universal methods." This way of approach led him to some important discoveries in anatomy and botany, for it convinced him that one thing grows by a gradual process from another, and that there is no hiatus in nature. He was a born evolutionist. But one may safely guess that he would have joined Mr. Shaw in attacking Darwin and approving Lamarck. He had the capacity for long and patient observation and experiment. But he had not the capacity of permitting his experiments to contradict his theory. In other words, he had not a scientific conscience any more than Samuel Butler had.

Goethe turned to nature as a relief from human life. He found in her, or thought he found, order and perfection. But in human history he found "a confused tale of error and violence." He could only tolerate it in so far as it enables us to "get rid of the past." Nevertheless, it was human life that mainly preoccupied him, for he was nothing if not ethical. He was therefore, of course, an adherent of the life of action rather than of contemplation, if those are to be opposed. The antithesis is artificial, for most men are driven to, and need, both. But if Goethe had had to choose, I think he would have said that it was better to transform life than to contemplate it. In the famous scene where Faust is considering the first verse of the gospel of St. John, he deliberately rejects the translation "word" for *logos* and substitutes "deed": "In the beginning was the deed." And the gnomic verse,

Und dein Streben, sei's die Liebe,
Und dein Leben, sei's die That,

sums up most of his teaching.

A series of dramas like Shakespeare's would have been impossible to Goethe, not merely because he had not the genius, but also because he had not the inclination. He could not bear unsolved riddles and thwarted purposes. So that sometimes, as in "Egmont" and the first part of "Faust," he attempts to avoid the tragic close to which his work has inevitably led him by a piece of cheap and operatic mechanism. "I do not inquire what the object is in itself," he said once, "but demand that it should wholly fit into my conception of it." The remark is extreme, and must not be pressed. Elsewhere he says precisely the opposite. But it serves to indicate the ethical preoccupation which was always struggling in him with pure observation. If he had not been a genius, and a man of commanding intellect, he would have been a terrible German schoolmaster!

But all this is only a little man's talk about a great one. There are figures in the world of thought and action too big for ordinary observers to comprehend as a whole. They can but make a series of snapshots, from different angles. Such, to Gorki, was Tolstoy. Such, to every candid critic, is Goethe. He was one of the most richly and variously endowed of all men of whom we have record. He was certainly one of the greatest. In the judgment of his contemporaries he was also one of the best. "Take him all in all," says one, "as a human being, he is infinitely good." "Goethe can never be dear to men," wrote Emerson. Possibly not. But there is at least one man to whom he is dearer than anyone, except Shelley.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

* Part I. appeared in last week's ATHENÆUM.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

STEEPLEJACK. By James Gibbons Huneker. 2 vols. (Werner Laurie. 42s. net.)

THE cardinal fact about Mr. Huneker's career is that it has been a successful career. In studying these two volumes of reminiscences due weight must be given to the facts that Mr. Huneker was one of the most highly paid critics of music, drama, painting, and literature in the United States, and that he possesses a number of signed photographs and letters from all kinds of celebrities. He is not one of those who have languished in the sunless prison yard of the *succès d'estime*; he has been one of the Olympians, enjoying a full measure of light and heat, exchanging easy, self-assured greetings with the other Olympians, nodding "Hullo, George," to Mr. Bernard Shaw, crossing over to look up Schnitzler and the rest of the Vienna crowd, and incidentally dropping in on his German translator. He has, in fact, done the things we should all like to be able to do, even if we did not do them; there is more virtue, as the great Abbé remarked, in despising riches when you have them. Our interest, then, in Mr. Huneker's memoirs has centred on this point: we want to learn the secret of success. That New York was the field in which Mr. Huneker deployed himself may or may not prove to be relevant to the generalities we hope to extract. For our purpose the whole of the first volume is almost valueless. As a young man in Philadelphia, doing a little journalism, attending a number of concerts, entering professions for which he is obviously unsuited, Mr. Huneker is undifferentiated; there is no ground for supposing that this chrysalis will ever be a butterfly. We should attach some importance, perhaps, to the Paris adventure. Mr. Huneker went to Paris for the vague reasons that impel most young men with the "artistic temperament" to go to Paris. When he got there, however, he worked pretty hard. He practised on the piano six or eight hours a day. And, of course, he saw a number of celebrities.

So far as Mr. Huneker's narrative informs us, the Paris adventure has very little to do with his subsequent exploits; we suspect, nevertheless, that it gave him a certain prestige and was useful to him in beginning his true career as a New York journalist. It is with his arrival in New York that the interesting part of Mr. Huneker's memoirs begins. Mr. Huneker did not shut himself up in his humble lodgings and there compose innumerable "contributions" to the press, waiting, anxious but indomitable, for the thud on the uncarpeted hall-floor of his long envelopes, containing this time a rejection slip. We have always had doubts about that method. Mr. Huneker found a café where "everybody" went, and he went there too. But at this point his narrative slurs over the most interesting features: he gives us a list of names and anecdotes. We glimpse a confused picture of writers, musicians, actors—and editors; all good fellows, all powerful drinkers, all epigrammatic. But it is those one or two dimly descried editors whom we strain to see; we listen eagerly for every word that passes between them and Mr. Huneker. We read of "measuring glances," we overhear an invitation to call at the office, but the essential thing, the technique of the method, is skilfully concealed. Imperceptibly, emerging from these omissions in his narrative, Mr. Huneker becomes a musical critic—a musical-trade critic, to be more precise; that is, he wrote for journals subsidized by piano-manufacturing firms. We may shake our head over this beginning, but Mr. Huneker assures us he was given a free hand. For fifteen years he wrote what he liked in this paper, and he wrote about everything. He also joined the staff of a daily newspaper. In the meantime he wrote books and built up a reputation. Obviously this part of his career is of great importance. We may note one outstanding fact: Mr.

Huneker made it his business to know every artistic celebrity in New York; the epoch of the signed photograph begins at this time. Also, he always had something, and something striking, to write. He explains this part of the method to us: "I was slowly discovering that to become successful a critic can't wait for masterpieces, but must coddle mediocrity. Otherwise, an idle pen." We see the beauty of the method: good copy and—more signed photographs. This is a really valuable clue, and, now that Mr. Huneker has mentioned it, we are able to understand much journalism, even London journalism, that had puzzled us before. It is a method that pleases everybody. The public is naturally optimistic, and does not find a fresh genius once a week too liberal an allowance; as for the geniuses, they are not, of course, monsters of ingratitude. Persistent sneering depresses readers and infuriates the victims; and the critic is left finally with nothing but his conscience. And, after all, it doesn't matter. "Books never kill," says Mr. Huneker. The influence of a book is very slight, for good or ill, and the critic has to make a living.

Having grasped this principle, what are we to do next? Even with this knowledge we are still one amongst a number of wise men, and we wish to become an Olympian. Mr. Huneker is not very explicit about the next move, but it seems to consist in using an individual prose style—a style so individual that it secures, at least, a shocked attention. Mr. Huneker, owing, he tells us, to certain psychic peculiarities, could apply to any art the terms proper to some other. He can see a pianoforte passage as filigree iron-work, an orchestral composition will taste to him like absinthe and blood, a painting will be in the key of C minor, and he can grow enthusiastic over a lyric banana. This remarkable faculty is responsible for much that is arresting in Mr. Huneker's writings. The reader who appreciates but one art, even if that one art be the culinary art, will find it a clue to all the others. Another characteristic worth attention is Mr. Huneker's images. They are nearly always vaguely magnificent. In one of these volumes he likens something to the mane of a Barbary mare. He has never seen a Barbary mare, he informs us, but he supposes it has a mane. It is from this stimulating, imprecise world of literary reminiscence that Mr. Huneker takes his examples, enabling his readers to understand vague things vaguely. As one result of this, Mr. Huneker is extremely readable. That he is readable is sufficiently proved by pointing to the number of people who have read him; his style, however, enables us to see in what way he is readable. He stimulates without fatiguing. A rapid succession of incongruous and startling images induces a pleasant feeling of mental activity; at the same time no argument or image is sufficiently precise to require understanding. What is communicated is a feeling of enthusiasm, of being in the very front of the newest movement—"my beloved Mallarmé"—and a pantomimic fairyland of images—Venetian palaces, a Rajah's jewels, the manes of Barbary mares. We ought, perhaps, to notice less cursorily the up-to-dateness of Mr. Huneker's names. This is evidently a powerful attraction—New York learns what are the right things to say—and it is interesting to compare it with the more subtle English method. In London it is only very naïve superior persons who try to get their effects by believing Mallarmé; the more able amongst them point out the tremendous subtlety of Dr. Johnson. In America the young critics will doubtless begin talking about Proust; in England they will resurrect Martin Tupper.

But although Mr. Huneker is frankly cynical about his critical judgments and even about what he calls his "purple style," it must not be supposed that he had none of the qualities of a critic. We think that he was a distinctly minor critic, but not all his swans were geese.

Mr. Huneker possessed the necessary preliminary to criticism: he was sensitive. But he lacked discrimination. Even in the present frank volumes he passes judgments which we not only feel to be wrong, but which we feel are the result of a desire to appear right. He says, for instance: "Poor Dostoevsky, the profoundest of the Russian novelists, and that means the profoundest of all, Balzac excepted. . . ." We cannot believe that this judgment indicates anything but a slip of memory. Mr. Huneker has forgotten that it is no longer necessary always to except Balzac; it is, indeed, positively incorrect. It is even more old-fashioned than to except Turgenev. Just at present there does not seem to be a greatest novelist, but if Mr. Huneker wanted to except somebody he would probably have found Tolstoy pretty safe. But although we are not quite sure that Mr. Huneker really thinks that Balzac is the greatest of all novelists, we are sure that he is genuinely enthusiastic about Chopin. The conclusion of his book, where he says that there is nothing much left for him to do except await death and play Chopin in the meantime, is rather deliberately gentle and modest, but we feel that it is inspired, nevertheless, by a genuine emotion. Mr. Huneker should have been a specialist; it is probable that where he is most sensitive he is also most discriminating. Instead, he wrote about the "Seven Arts."

We do not understand why the short stories are included in this book. They are not good short stories, and we are not told that they are renderings of actual incidents in Mr. Huneker's career. But they help to fill out these two distinctly entertaining volumes.

J. W. N. S.

AN EDUCATION OFFICIAL

THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT AND AFTER. By Sir G. W. Kekewich, K.C.B., D.C.L. (Constable, 21s. net.)

NO reader of this book will refuse his sympathy to Sir George Kekewich. He has indeed been hardly treated. After nearly thirty years' service in the Education Department, he found himself in the unpleasant position that he was asked to resign the post of Secretary, and the reasons given were that the Government required in that post someone on whom they could depend to carry out the Education Act of 1902, and who was also a glutton for work. No sooner had he won his freedom from Government service than he entered political life; he won Exeter for the Liberals, but, like so many others, when he had gained admission to the House of Commons, he found no opportunity for the useful work which he had anticipated, and after four years he was told by the Liberal Caucus that they would not be able to support him as a candidate at the next election. It is, perhaps, not surprising that he looks with an unfavourable eye on the institutions of the country; jobbery, intrigue, blundering, incompetence, are the characteristics that he finds, and in a long public career the only people on his relations with whom he is able to look back with satisfaction appear to be the National Union of Teachers and the Roman Catholic clergy. And so he ends with the ingenuous forecast:

Yet there are signs to-day that the worship of Baal is gradually giving place to a more human and humane creed, and that the millions will no longer prostrate themselves in blind ignorance before the golden calf. We are on the threshold of a new era of just appraisal and cleaner government.

But the reader, though he may be sympathetic, will not be altogether convinced. The writer is too catholic in his denunciations and too chary of facts substantiating his charges. Much of his book is written in a vague and declamatory style of denunciation, which is more suitable to a village platform orator than to one who has held a position of high administrative responsibility. And it will not win confidence when we find how ready he is to attribute unworthy motives to those who have the

misfortune to disagree with him, as when he suggests that a large amount of the support given to vivisection arises from pecuniary considerations; in the same spirit he seems quite unable to understand that there may be any serious motives underlying the desire of the Church of England to maintain religious teaching in the schools. But it is a common phenomenon of those of his school of thought to refuse to the Church of England the right to believe in the importance of its own teaching, a right which Sir George cordially concedes to other religious bodies. Again, he seems singularly free from the diffidence which most men feel in dealing with matters of which they have no special knowledge. Not only does he claim to know more medicine than the doctors, but we understand that when he found himself in charge of the South Kensington Museum, he proposed at once to interfere with the discretion of the experts employed in the Museum as to the expenditure of money on works of art. We can quite understand that this would not make him a popular chief, and we are not quite sure that it would make him an efficient one.

His opinions on general political matters, on the working of Parliament and the Cabinet, have no particular importance, and we do not find that he supports them with any arguments or facts which are either novel or carry much weight. On Education, however, he can, or ought to be able to, speak with some authority. But here again his opinions are arbitrary, dogmatic, and show that he has no knowledge outside a very narrow sphere. He undoubtedly did good work thirty years ago in struggling against the blighting influences of the revised Code, in broadening the curriculum, raising the status, and improving the buildings of Public Elementary schools. But he seems to have learned nothing since 1890, and he does not recognize that the outlook of the Government and the Board of Education, which is now in charge of far wider responsibility than it then had, cannot be limited to that quite naturally held by the National Union of Teachers. What are we to think of the judgment, knowledge or experience of a man who will confidently assert that children should not enter Secondary Schools till the age of 13, and should leave at the age of 17 in order to proceed to a University? It is perfectly obvious that he has not the remotest conception of the work of the institutions, the fate of which he would presume to determine. This is a system of which we have had abundant experience, and, as anyone who has worked as a schoolmaster could anticipate, the result has been to show that pupils who have been educated on this plan are, at the age of 17, quite unfitted for a University education. And he is not to be depended upon as a guide to fact. On p. 194 he gives a seriously misleading account of the attitude of the Board of Education to the teaching of Latin and Modern languages. And again, in one passage he complains that 25 per cent. is a very inadequate supply of free places in a Secondary School. He ignores the fact that the regulation to which he is referring gives only the minimum of free places which must be provided as a condition of the grant, and he has not taken the trouble to find out, as he easily could, by opening any ordinary book of reference, that this percentage is very highly exceeded in a great number of Secondary Schools throughout the country, and that in some the percentage of free scholars is over 90 per cent. But this is characteristic of him. We might have expected that a man who has held the high position which he has done in the Government service would at least have maintained the habit of inquiring into the facts with regard to which he wishes to guide and instruct. Perhaps we are to attribute this vagueness to the training which he seems to have received in the Department of Education, where, according to him, accuracy of statement was a quality not to be expected.

A GUIDE TO THE IRON AGE

THE WORLD OF TO-DAY: A GUIDE FOR ALL THROUGH CURRENT PROBLEMS AND EVENTS. Under the General Editorship of Victor Gollancz.—1. The Backward Peoples and our Relations with Them. By Sir Harry Johnston.—2. The Anglo-American Future. By A. G. Gardiner.—3. Modern Finance. By Emile Burns.—4. A Capital Levy and a Levy on War Wealth. By A. C. Pigou.—5. Industrial Ideals. By Victor Gollancz.—6. Why Prices Rise and Fall. By F. W. Pethick Lawrence.—7. An Educated Nation. By Basil A. Yeaxlee. (Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net each.)

IT is perhaps the case with most practical problems, except personal ones, that the closer we are to them the more confused they appear. The problems of our own time, for example, are more difficult, not merely to solve, but to understand, than those which are removed from us by a century or two. We know the reason why the South Sea Bubble burst better than we know the cause of increased prices: we are better acquainted with the condition of the slaves of the Southern States before the Slave Emancipation than we are with the state of backward peoples to-day. And the reason for this is on the surface. History has solved the riddles of the past or has left them disastrously unsolved; and in either case the answer to them has been pointed out clearly enough by events. But the problems of our time alter from day to day, and the solution which we worked out for them last week may be quite inadequate the week after next. Add to this that as a people we are disposed to believe in the correctness of a solution only after it has been successfully applied, and our confusion before our difficulties needs no further emphasis.

The aim of Mr. Gollancz and his collaborators is to make a sort of dictionary of contemporary terms, so that in reading the newspapers one may be able to attach to phrases like "the depreciation of the currency," "the Soviet System," "the League of Nations," "the Colour Line" and so on, an exact meaning, where at present for most of us they have no meaning at all. The series is an attempt to give a content to the barren phrases which we use habitually, and to make us argue about things instead of words. It is a difficult enterprise, but the first seven volumes abundantly justify it. Sir Harry Johnston's survey of the races of the world in sixty short pages is a masterpiece of compression. He is dogmatic, but in a writer discoursing in this series upon a subject which he knows, dogmatism is right. What we want is to be told that the races are such and such; that the League of Nations is constituted in such and such a way, and, generally, what the truth is which every party will acknowledge about everything which concerns us as members of the community. The making current of the maximum of truth, that is, of what all partisans will agree with, upon every fact of contemporary life, is the most important intellectual task of our time.

In a set of volumes which are conspicuously efficient and impartial, Mr. Victor Gollancz's "Industrial Ideals" is perhaps the best. He gives in it an outline of State Socialism, Syndicalism, Guild Socialism, Profit-Sharing, and a number of other social ideals, with the chief arguments for and against them, and with not one unfair, or partial stroke in the whole performance. One would like to see a division added to the series in which contemporary literary, artistic and philosophical movements might be described.

THE Dominion Government have decided to hold a competition for the design of the Canadian memorials that are to be erected on the battlefields of the Western Front. The Assessors, who represent British, Canadian and French architects, will assemble in Canada this spring to arrange the details.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

"THE IMPOSSIBLE APOLLO," by Thomas Cobb (Lane, 8s. 6d. net), is an entertaining story well and sympathetically written round two post-war courtships, ending happily, between persons of different social degree. At first sight it would seem that the man has in both cases the best of it, for Grace Giles is in intellect and education much superior to her brother David, the impossible Apollo, so called from his splendid physique and defective table-manners. But David has a heart of gold, and we are almost induced to believe in the fascination which he exercises over a girl "fed up" with fashionable futilities. Yet the pair were certainly well advised in leaving England for Vancouver immediately after their wedding.

"Revelation," by Dulcie Deamer (Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net), is a venture in the same direction as "Barabbas" and "Ben-Hur"; but we are reluctant to classify it along with those two popular works. It is free from the flagrant errors in which they abounded, and is, indeed, informed by a real effort at understanding the social life of Jerusalem during Pontius Pilate's procuratorship. We think the author has succeeded best with the dancing-girls in Herod's palace. When she describes a humble domestic interior, she is perhaps justified in insisting on Oriental "smelliness," but she has obviously underrated the Hebrew woman's joyful eagerness for maternity. St. Stephen and the adulteress acquitted in the Temple are two of the principal characters. A third, is perhaps intended to carry a suggestion of Simon the Cyrenian.

"The Last of the Corinthians," by John Gabriel (Odhams, 2s. net), celebrates the prowess of an amateur jockey and "bruiser," whose exploits in this twofold capacity are described with a wealth of imaginative detail which has attractions even for the ignorant. Like all great men, however, this hero has his enemies, and his one failing; and these evil influences in combination, by exposing him to a charge of theft, estrange him from his father, a sporting Yorkshire baronet of bluest blood. He is even arrested on a suspicion of murder, but from all these calamities, and also from his tendency to "doping," he is delivered by the intervention of a friend who doubles the parts of Raffles and Sherlock Holmes. To us the most striking feature of the book is its author's assumption (evidently sincere) that betting on races and on boxing contests is the highest use to which money can possibly be applied.

Miss Wetherell's pious and popular heroines, though not averse to flirtation, were, we remember, unanimous in their disapproval of dancing. It is curious that this standard should survive in a writer so up-to-date as Mrs. Lutz (Grace Livingston Hill), and that she should combine with it a positive enthusiasm for the "movies" and for private theatricals. Her religious conversations likewise, appalling in their unreservedness and in that naïve idolatry for the letter of Scripture which belonged to an earlier day, remind us frequently of "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide World." On the other hand, "Cloudy Jewel" (Lippincott, 7s. 6d. net), which is much less melodramatic than "Exit Betty," contains a really charming picture of the relations subsisting between an ideal aunt and a young nephew and niece. The college life of the two latter also, attended by conditions widely different from those obtaining on our side of the Atlantic, affords entertainment and some food for reflection.

In "Stories and Legends of Annam," translated from the French of Cl. Chivas-Baron by E. M. Smith-Dampier (Melrose, 6s. net), we have an extraordinary amalgam of at least three religions (Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism), and of innumerable superstitions lying nearer to the hearts of the people, and racy of the soil. There is a certain sameness about all folk-lore, and we do not here notice many touches of originality. One such, however, new at least to us, is the tragicomic destiny reserved for human beings who have been eaten by a tiger. Till their devourer's earthly career is finished their souls, consigned to the purgatory of riding in most uncomfortable fashion on his back, can find no rest. We are interested to find a place of honour assigned to romantic love between youth and maiden, as also to conjugal fidelity. The translation reads well, as a whole, but now and then seems rather too literal.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

STUDIES IN STATECRAFT. By Sir Geoffrey Butler. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.)—The *Prælector on Diplomatic History* at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, has done well in collecting these luminous essays on the sixteenth-century thinkers who anticipated the League of Nations. Sully and his "Grand Design" are, of course, familiar, but there is much exploratory boldness about Sir Geoffrey Butler's attempt to penetrate the old man's subtle falsifications of history to the end that the plan should assume a greater importance in fact than it ever possessed. Emerich Crucé, with his sincere belief in religious toleration, was a truer political philosopher than the garrulous diplomatist who dictated his memoirs with a steady eye on his own glory. In Crucé we get the modern note, especially in his suggestion that a council of ambassadors should act as "the trustees and hostages of public peace." It is the mandatory theory of the Paris scheme in the rough.

Of the other figures in Sir Geoffrey's gallery, Postel was too mystically mad to produce a coherent body of doctrine. Still he did hit upon a notion of world peace resting on the authority, not of the Papacy, nor General Councils of the Church, nor the Emperor, but of France, which country, according to him, had inherited the duties of Shem's brother Japheth. Bishop Roderick's dialogue upon the nature of peace and war is one of the manuscript treasures of the Corpus library. Sir Geoffrey evidently sets great store by it, but it seems a bit inconclusive, except in its argument that such concerns belong rather to the community than to the individual. Yet what is a pacifist minority to do?

A HANDBOOK ON STORY-WRITING. By Blanche Colton Williams, Ph.D. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)—This volume is the outcome of a "short-story class" at Columbia University, and the degree of expertness acquired by the students has enabled them, the author informs us, to gain the attention of the editors of the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, the *Century*, and other magazines of equal or less importance. The various chapters approximate to the class-lessons, and the method throughout is typically American. From the inception of a story to the last word the whole process is analysed with much insight and an uncanny exactness which, though they may not help to increase the number of masterpieces in the art, should cause our living masters some qualms lest the exposure of how they do the trick is too complete. O. Henry is, of course, a favourite for analytical purposes; several of his stories are illustrated with charts, while underneath is explanatory letterpress: "At M, Della sells her hair: at S, she buys the fob: at M(i) Jim sells his watch: at S(i) he buys the combs," and so on. Exercises are set out at the close of each chapter. "After reading 'The Monkey's Paw,' 'A Charmed Life,' and 'Tobin's Palm,' try to build a story on a similar plan," is a pretty stiff instruction if we consider that it comes at the close of only the fourth lesson.

LABOUR AND INDUSTRY. A Series of Lectures by Percy Alden, J. B. Baillie, Gerald Bellhouse, J. R. Clynes, G. D. H. Cole, and others. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)—These lectures were "delivered in the Department of Industrial Administration in the College of Technology, Manchester, during the session 1919-20." We are afraid that they will only confound a little more the confusion which already exists on the subject of industry. The book does not treat all aspects of the question from one point of view, nor one aspect from all points of view, but theories, practical proposals, diagnoses and points of view are strung together indiscriminately, so that one feels the authors are not discussing the state of industry, but imitating it. Mr. Alden, in his paper on "Unemployment,"

obviously selected the subject closest to contemporary realities, and his remedies are prudent: one would like them, at the present day, to be a little less prudent. Mr. Cole speaks on "Democracy in Industry" with a lucidity which almost attains persuasiveness. There is a general survey of "Industrial Unrest" by Professor J. B. Baillie, a lecture on "Labour and Continued Education" by Mr. F. W. Goldstone, and an interesting criticism—the best in the volume—by Mr. R. H. Tawney upon "Recent Thought in the Government of Industry." The concluding lecture is a plea by Mr. P. J. Pybus for "increased production." It reads strangely at a time when there are a million unemployed in the country and when many of the employed are on half-time.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND MONARCHY. By H. Belloc. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)—All the reason and the sense in this little volume—and there is a great deal of both in it—bring the author at length to a perfectly impracticable proposal, the re-establishment of monarchy. For that reason it leaves the impression of brilliance and of futility which so many of Mr. Belloc's political books have. The diagnosis of the House of Commons as historically an aristocratic organ is, we think, both original and true; the analysis of the decay of the aristocratic temper in this country during the last two or three decades is consummately done; but when the author propounds his remedy, he is almost incredibly unreal. Mr. Belloc may say that he does not consider the re-establishment of monarchy as probable or even possible, but merely that without it we must degenerate as a nation. But the prescription of an impossible remedy is as bad as giving no remedy at all. Meanwhile we must be content with reading the prescription; the style has that charm of exactitude which Mr. Belloc frequently attains.

MACEDONIA: A PLEA FOR THE PRIMITIVE. By A. Goff and Hugh A. Fawcett. With Illustrations by Hugh A. Fawcett. (Lane. 21s. net.)—The authors kept a careful notebook, one is tempted to guess, in their itinerary through Macedonia. They put down everything in it with equal conscientiousness; and in writing the present volume they do not appear to have selected, but have given us the whole pantry and left us to discover the recipe ourselves. Yet this method, bad as it is artistically, is not without its advantages practically—for those, that is to say, who wish to go to Macedonia, either to observe or to live. And, uninteresting as much of the material appears to be at first glance, the authors manage to make it intriguing by the sheer force of their own interest in it. They are certainly assisted by their subject. The juxtaposition of two sets of cultures, religions and superstitions in Macedonia, the primitive, sometimes cruel, sometimes kind, nature of the inhabitants, and the romantic beauty of the land itself, are sufficient to make almost any volume upon it interesting. The authors impress one, however, by the determination with which they have remained prosaic in difficult circumstances. The drawings by Mr. Fawcett are some of them exquisite in their evocation of the romance of the country.

SERBIA AND EUROPE, 1914-20. Edited, with a Preface, by Dr. L. Marcovitch, Professor in the University of Belgrade. (Allen & Unwin. 16s. net.)—This is "an attempt to exhibit the whole policy of Serbia during the war." There are sections devoted to Serbian politics, and to the relations of Serbia with Austria, Germany, Bulgaria, Russia, Roumania, and Greece. The contributors to the symposium are many, but the articles are so short (in most cases being only two pages), they are concerned so obviously with small points—none of them giving a comprehensive view of the whole situation—and they are arranged so carelessly, that it is almost impossible to carry away any impression from the perusal of them.

MARGINALIA

I WAS recently going through the contents of a number of drawers and boxes, filled with the accumulated papers of many years. There is something appalling about the way in which papers heap themselves up, silently and incessantly, like the snows on the summit of a mountain. Most of us possess in a more or less acute form the magpie's hoarding instinct. A senseless sentimentalism, or an equally idiotic notion that we are preserving what may, some day, be useful, induces us to keep unnumbered objects that ought to be thrown away. Papers are the modern man's besetting weakness, though, of course, anything may be hoarded, from sealing-wax and bits of string to first editions, porcelain and money. Old letters, old receipts, legal documents, cuttings from newspapers, disused cheque-books, school notebooks, juvenile efforts in verse—there is nothing in the way of a paper that cannot be kept. And how heartrending it is to have to throw them away! Every ten years or so, when the snow of accumulated papers threatens to smother one out of existence, one is forced to take action. But the reluctance, the repinings, the regrets! One must indeed be a strong man to be able to look on unmoved while the fire devours the receipts and the dance programmes of 1910, the Alpine sketchbook of 1913, the newspapers announcing the declaration of the war. But one must be heroic. It is a moral as well as a practical necessity—practical, because the accumulation of rubbish sooner or later renders any house uninhabitable, and moral, because it is good for a man every now and then to break the Lilliputian tethers of matter which bind him down, to proclaim his independence of mere things. Servitude to other human beings is unpleasant enough, but to become the slave of things, of houses and furniture, of accumulated books, or finally of base papers—this is intolerable. It is beneath man's dignity to feel any obligation to the things he owns, to have his scope of action limited by them. And he will do well to assert the fact sometimes by solemnly destroying a few of his cherished possessions.

* * *

But to proceed. In my own

vieux meuble à tiroirs encombrés de bilans,
De vers, de billets doux, de procès, de romances,
Avec de lourds cheveux roulés dans des quittances,

I found a number of old examination papers, stored away as religiously as if they had been love-letters, though they were the symbol of nothing more important than the close of that curious and haphazard process technically known as education. The papers, which were set to be taken by candidates for honours in the School of English Language and Literature at a certain considerable university, lie before me now, and I read them through, reflecting, with a certain astonishment, that there was a time when I was able to answer these appalling questions. To think that once I could read these mysterious passages of "Beowulf" as easily as one reads French! and that now I have forgotten every word of the deplorable language of our forefathers! I do not in the least regret having forgotten my Old English; what distresses me is that so many hours of a short life should have been spent in acquiring facility in a language whose literature has claims to being the most uninteresting in the world's history. There are perhaps a hundred good lines in "Beowulf" and as many more in the rest of Anglo-Saxon literature. Do these two hundred lines justify the professors in compelling the young to learn a barbarously complicated dead language? I leave the question open.

* * *

Turning to the papers dealing with the later history of English literature, I am equally amazed. That I must once have been able to answer these questions is proved

by the fact of my having passed the examination. To-day I should infallibly fail.

Write a short essay on the metaphors of the Metaphysical School of Poetry.

One might scrape through on this, but how utterly one would be undone by such questions as:

What was the peculiar strength in literature of the Cavalier and of the Puritan party?

Give some account of the influence of "Don Quixote" on English literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Trace the influence of the Philhellenic movement in the literature of the early nineteenth century.

What an extraordinary educational system it is that culminates triumphantly in an ability to answer these questions! (And yet I suppose there is a great deal to be said for the examination system in general. The mind is no doubt healthily exercised by being suddenly called upon to produce its knowledge or to conceal successfully its lack of it. It would probably be very good for the middle-aged to have to pass an examination every few years. Our thoughts, such as they are, run in ruts, and the effort of answering unexpected questions throws us out of these ruts. The numerous "mind-training" courses now so much advertised are largely courses of examinations, designed to make the mind forsake its quotidian lethargy and skip lightly about.)

* * *

Once, I suppose, I understood what the questions meant; to-day I am not even sure of that. What was the peculiar strength in literature of the Cavalier and of the Puritan party? I cannot see what the question signifies. I think of a few characteristic literary men on the Puritan side—Milton, shall we say? and Waller and Marvell—and of a few more in the opposite camp, such as Sir Kenelm Digby and Hobbes and Lovelace, and perhaps Herbert; I try to imagine what "peculiar strength" was common to either of these two groups, and I am wholly at a loss. Presumably the author of some accredited textbook of English literature has divulged the secret somewhere. Otherwise, the examiners would hardly have set the question, unless, as I have often suspected, examiners set questions to which neither they nor anyone else know the answer—questions to which there is no answer.

* * *

I once had the pleasure of setting a general "English Literature and Composition" paper for a Civil Service Examination. My paper, I remember, was entirely made up of questions to which I could not have given an answer—questions somewhat in the manner of

Oh, Cuckoo, shall I call thee bird
Or but a wandering voice?
State the alternative preferred,
With reasons for your choice.

Whether the examinees succeeded in finding any answers I never discovered, as I did not have to correct their papers. English literature is the ideal subject in which to set questions to which there is either no answer, or else too many answers. It was Sir Walter Raleigh, I believe (not the one who put his cloak in the mud, but the Professor of English), who said that the teaching of English literature always borders on the absurd. The saying is very true; for it is as near absurdity to try to teach appreciation and taste and a power of style as to teach facts or theories about the peculiar literary strength of the two parties in the Civil War. Mr. S. P. B. Mais is the self-appointed teacher of appreciation. One has only to read his "English Course for Schools" to realize that this sort of teaching may actually pass well over the borders of the absurd. As for facts and theories about literature, influences, movements, borrowings and all the rest of it, every textbook is full of them. These things make the worst possible fodder for the youthful mind, producing in it all sorts of vague crudities.

AUTOLYCUS.

LITERARY GOSSIP

M. PAUL CLAUDEL, the French Ambassador at Copenhagen, is now to go to Tokyo in the same capacity. It is curious that Mr. Robert Nichols from this side is also about to depart for Tokyo, having accepted the post of Lecturer in English to the Imperial University.

A bibliography of Mexican writers reaches us from Tucson, Arizona. We had, it must be confessed, but vague notions on this field of literature; which is nevertheless an interesting one. The literary men of Mexico have generally been political or social leaders as well, and in this way the literature of the nation is unusually indicative of her life.

The very first author in the list, Manuel Acuña, wrote a drama, "El Pasado," which strongly resembles in its plot "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Farther on we shall come to Juan Díaz Covarrubias, a young poet and novelist who was to have been the Scott of Mexico; he fell, however, by the atrocity of Marquez, at the battle of Tacubaya in 1859. We may notice that Amado Nervo (1870-1919) is described as "one of the greatest poets and litterateurs"—and diplomats—of the Latin-American people; yet the minor French poets are more familiar in this country than he. The difficulties of Mexican bibliography are very great; for even recent publications are not easily procured.

The story of Lamb and Hone which we mentioned last week had suffered from errors of memory. Not to do the shade of Elia an injustice, we have recovered the original version, as Hone told it: "One summer's evening I was walking on Hampstead Heath with Charles Lamb, and we had talked ourselves into a philosophic contempt of our slavery to the habit of snuff-taking, and with the firm resolution of never again taking a single pinch, we threw our snuff-boxes away from the hill on which we stood, far among the furze and brambles below, and went home in triumph; I began to be very miserable, was wretched all night; in the morning I was walking on the same hill. I saw Charles Lamb below, searching among the bushes; he looked up laughing, and saying, 'What, are you come to look for your snuff-box too!' 'O no!' said I, taking a pinch out of a paper in my waistcoat pocket, 'I went for a halfpenny worth to the first shop that was open.'"

The Society of Antiquaries have produced the first number of the *Antiquaries' Journal*, which Mr. Milford publishes. The *Proceedings* of the Society is to continue; but the new chronicle will aim at "furnishing an adequate record of archaeological discovery," with reviews of current works in the whole range. The venture begins well. The articles, the careful reviews, good paper, print and illustrations leave an excellent impression.

Another first appearance is that of the *Liverpool Chapbook*, which is a quarterly intended to represent Merseyside artists and writers, and to disprove the sole rights of æsthetic judgment claimed of late years by the metropolis. Liverpool has shown similar enterprise in the past. We have seen a successful annual of the 'thirties, the *Winter's Wreath*, produced there: the chief contributor was Hartley Coleridge. The present *Chapbook* is slight by comparison. Mr. Abercrombie contributes a poor quatrain, but the long poem by Mr. Giovanni Orgoglio has curious tones and distinguished phrases. The drawings are not striking.

Among the announcements of the Cambridge University Press are the first volume of the new Shakespeare, namely, "The Tempest"; new editions of Lamb's "Miscellaneous Essays" and "Adventures of Ulysses"; and the first and second volumes of Sir A. W. Ward's "Collected Papers."

Mr. John Murray will publish shortly Sir Martin Conway's work on the "Van Eycks and their Followers"; a history of "Fishermen and Fishing" from the earliest times; and Lord Harris's cricketana, entitled "Some Short Runs," and the memoirs of Major Fitzroy Gardner, once "Marjorie" of *Woman*, then manager to Tree at the Haymarket, and finally from private to A.P.M. in Cologne.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

RETURNING to the subject of English books printed abroad in the sixteenth century and prohibited here by Royal proclamation (see last week's "Bibliographical Notes"), we find another Tyndale book (lot 808) which has all the appearance of being printed abroad, but has the note "cum privilegio regali" at the end, perhaps added in England by the seller.

Another set of prohibited books were those published in the reign of Mary by Bale and others, like the Bucer tract (lot 101), which was probably printed at Wesel after 1550; lot 341 certainly was printed there in 1548. Lot 36 is very puzzling: it seems not unlikely to have been secretly printed at London, as shown by the note "In Newgate."

A third set are those connected with the "Family of Love" printed at Amsterdam, prohibited by proclamation under Elizabeth, and catalogued here under the name of Nicolaes (lots 371-8); and a fourth includes two very rare books printed at Rochelle by Waldegrave in 1589 (lots 176 and 206), which might pass unnoticed in the catalogue, where no attention is paid them. There are also a large number of tracts printed at Antwerp during Elizabeth's reign which were equally prohibited, this time printed by the Roman Catholic exiles.

Among other rarities in the Christie-Miller sale there are a fine example of binding done for Archbishop Parker by his private bookbinder; a treatise by Giordano Bruno in Italian, printed at London in 1584; some early Scottish printing (St. Andrews, 1555, etc.); a Wynkyn de Worde sermon by Fisher against Luther; Henry VIII.'s reply to Luther (1527); two extremely rare tracts of Sir Thomas More, bound up with another tract hitherto unknown; the Boston Psalter of 1718; the only copy known of "Jacke Lent's Recantation"; a Wynkyn de Worde Savonarola tract; and two translations of the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes printed by Godfray before 1532, probably the first portions of the English Bible set up and printed in England (they have some Antwerp ornaments). An illustrated catalogue of the sale, price 5s., may be obtained from Messrs. Sotheby.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE time-dishonoured institution of duelling still flourished during the early decades of last century; and "affairs of honour" figure prominently in the newspapers of the day. Usually these encounters took place between gamblers who were unable to compose their differences or control their tempers; "young bloods" who were rivals in love; or irascible persons whose profession was fighting. Often enough, neither party to a duel received serious damage. Early in 1821, however, a "meeting" was arranged between two literary men; and the unusual circumstances caused a great stir. As the outcome of an acrimonious controversy between *Blackwood* and the *London Magazine*, in the course of which articles, stigmatizing *Blackwood* as the "Mohock" Magazine, appeared in the Southern periodical, John Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine*, fought a duel with J. H. Christie, a friend of John Gibson Lockhart, of the Edinburgh publication. The affair occurred at Chalk Farm; and after two shots had been fired, poor Scott was fatally wounded. This tragic ending of a deplorable squabble seems to have had a sobering effect upon the survivors; and it is certain that no one regretted Scott's death more than the man who was directly responsible.

Henry Nugent Bell's work on the Huntingdon Peerage is noticed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1821, which includes also a review of G. Belzoni's "Narrative" of his discoveries in Egypt and Nubia. This book is the subject of a particularly appreciative notice in the *London Magazine* for January, 1821; and all the reviews of it read by the present writer are equally laudatory.

A paper in the *Eclectic Review* for January, 1821, deals uncompromisingly with Southey's book "The Life of Wesley; and the Rise and Progress of Methodism"—which is pronounced to be "sectarian in its spirit, sinister in its design, and sceptical in its tendency"; "its philosophy is extremely puerile"; and "wherever the prejudices of the Writer are implicated, his representations of fact are artful, often palpably distorted, and sometimes grossly dishonest."

Science

THE CANCER PROBLEM

WARFARE IN THE HUMAN BODY. By Morley Roberts. With an Introduction by Prof. Arthur Keith. (Eveleigh Nash Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

MEN of science have often been accused of lack of sympathy with the lives and passions of their fellow-men, but it is less usual to accuse them of lack of knowledge. Mr. Morley Roberts has recently levelled this charge at their heads, and, further, implies that they do not know even enough to know those things that they may seem to know. In other words, he claims that no scientist can properly understand even his own science unless he knows much of all other sciences. Ignorance results in lack of intellectual elasticity; imagination is useless without omniscience. And so Mr. Morley Roberts, a scientific knight-errant, essays to bridge the gap by collating in his armchair the results obtained by hosts of purblind laboratory workers, and to supply the key to problems which have baffled ignorant specialists for decades.

The whole subject of cancer, which Mr. Roberts discusses in his second essay, is one of outstanding importance to humanity. Its insidious onset and its slow and horrible method of killing render it a peculiarly terrible disease, and human beings seem to have been chosen out from among the animal kingdom as its most frequent victims. It is natural, therefore, that the cancer problem should have stimulated more extensive research and more voluminous writing than any other subject in medical science. Theory after theory has been put forward, elaborately investigated, perhaps even been accorded a temporary credence, and then finally discarded as facts accumulated which could not be reconciled with the hypothesis.

In the earliest stages of its development the animal body consists of three primary layers—an outer layer or epiblast, an inner layer or endoderm, and an intermediate layer or mesoblast. From the first two of these are derived the skin which eventually covers the outside of the body, the mucous linings of the whole of the alimentary tract, and most of the secreting, or glandular, organs; it is these layers and organs which give rise to the true "cancer" or carcinoma. From the mesoblast are derived the muscles, most of the bony and cartilaginous skeleton, and the supporting or non-specialized connective tissues in general; these give rise to the second form of malignant growth, the sarcoma.

The body is, therefore, in effect a sandwich—a layer of mesoblast between two coverings or skins, which have budded off a number of secretory glands, embedded in the mesoblast and showing little apparent connection with the structures from which they arose. In the normal and healthy body these various structures live together in perfect harmony, each growing to its appointed size and then becoming stationary, apparently in obedience to some central controlling force, though still capable of a certain amount of repair after an injury. Each tissue seems mysteriously to know that it must grow to such and such a size and no more, so that the majority of animals conform to an average pattern, while a minority show some sort of abnormality due to the over- or under-growth of some particular organ. Sometimes, after development is complete, part of an organ produces an overgrowth which still resembles exactly in structure the tissue from which it arose and remains enclosed within a connective tissue capsule; this is an innocent growth, showing no real signs of insubordination excepting in so far as its presence is unnecessary to the economy of the body. Under other conditions the overgrowth may take a malignant or cancerous form, which is not merely

unnecessary to the proper functioning of the body, but is actually harmful. The cells of the growing tissue cease to arrange themselves in the orderly fashion proper to the organ from which they arise; they even lose their individual shape and assume a more generalized and primitive form, that is to say, they forget their characters acquired during development and tend to revert to the undifferentiated type of embryonic cells. They then grow riotously, destroying all other tissues that happen to stand in their way, and diffuse themselves by all the channels that are open to them, so that secondary growths, closely resembling the original growth, arise in different organs at a distance, with no other means of connection than the circulating fluids in which the cells floated to their new positions. It is these properties that constitute malignancy. A cancer kills by reason of its power of growth without regard to the vital needs of the body in which it parasitically lives; or, to use the social analogy, it is anarchy feeding upon law and order.

Many theories of the origin of cancers have been put forward and have served to stimulate research into the problem; but, while some of them have provided a possible explanation of the starting-point of the growth in certain specific cases, none of them have given an answer to the more fundamental question as to what is the precise biological change in the relation of the different types of cells to one another which enables one set to grow without relation to the needs of the rest. It is an accepted fact that "sweep's cancer" arises from the constant irritation produced by the accumulation of soot in the creases of the skin, and that cancer of the lip may arise from the irritation caused by smoking a clay pipe at frequent intervals over a long period. But these and other "irritation hypotheses," though they suggest that cancer will not occur if certain definite sources of irritation be avoided, do not give any clue as to what has happened when a growth has appeared without any evident cause of irritation, or as to how the irregular and malignant growth, once having arisen, may again be brought under control. In the case of a sarcoma there appears never to be any discoverable source of irritation, and the problem is obscurer even than that of carcinoma.

Mr. Morley Roberts has written an extremely interesting, learned, and stimulating essay on the whole cancer problem. There is much talk nowadays of the functions of the "ductless glands" and their "internal secretions," which, circulating in the blood stream, profoundly influence other organs at a distance. These ductless glands, as Mr. Roberts points out, arise in the embryo from the same cells which eventually form the inner and outer linings of the body. He infers, therefore, that these linings as a whole, and also the middle layer as a whole, may each have their special internal secretions, by virtue of which they hold each other mutually in check, so that an accurate balance of growth results in a healthy individual. When this balance is upset a cancerous or anarchical growth arises in one or other layer. The idea is attractive, but the hypothesis of an internal secretion, which must necessarily reach every part of the body in the circulating fluids, is not in accord with the fact that a cancer is very nearly always restricted in its origin to a small, sometimes a microscopic, area. Rather, if it were true, should we expect the whole surface of the skin to break out into a vast fantastic growth all at once. Nor do we think it probable that this hypothesis has been overlooked by the Director of the Cancer Research Institute, who has recently written: "The subtlety of the cellular derangement and its close contact with the fundamental problems of biology give an atmosphere of adventure to every attempt, however indirect it may seem, which human ingenuity devises to elucidate the harmonies and contradictions which lie on every side of the problems of cancer."

Mr. Roberts seems to attach much importance to his sociological analogies, but these, although interesting, seem to us to add little real weight to his argument. He has written an excellent series of essays covering a wide field of science; they include pathology, physiology, immunology, anthropology, evolution, heredity, and history. His familiar use of an infinity of technical terms amazes us in the writings of a layman better known as a novelist than as a scientific writer. Yet his charges against the brotherhood of science do not seem to us to have been substantiated; his own contribution is too exiguous to justify the wide condemnation of scientific method with which he prefaces his book. K.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 21. Royal Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"Indian Timbers," Prof. R. S. Troup.
King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: Economic Growth: Land Settlement," Sir B. Pares.
University College, 5.30.—"Irish Poets and their Poetry, 800 to 1700," Lecture I., Mr. Robin Flower.
University College, 5.30.—"Character and Expression in Greek Art," Prof. E. A. Gardner.
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—"The Mechanical Loading of Ships," Mr. H. J. Smith.
Royal Institution, 9.—"Shakespeare and Democracy," Sir Frank Benson.
- Sat. 22. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Madrigal: Rhythm," Dr. P. C. Buck.
- Mon. 24. King's College, 5.30.—"Present-Day Portugal," Lecture II., Prof. G. Young.
University College, 5.30.—"Women of the French Revolution," Miss Winifred Stephens.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Aero Engines," Lecture II., Mr. Alan E. L. Chorlton. (Howard Lectures.)
Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"The Lower Reaches of the Orange River," Mr. F. C. Cornell.
- Tues. 25. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Progress of Geodesy in India," Lecture II., Col. Sir Gerald P. Lenox-Conyngham.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—Resumed Discussion on "Reinforced Concrete for Ship-Construction."—6. Vernon-Harcourt Lecture by Mr. F. E. Wentworth Shields.
King's College, 5.30.—"John Locke and the English Philosophy," Lecture II., Prof. H. Wildon Carr.
University College, 5.30.—"True and False Dutch Pictures," Prof. W. Martin.
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.
Sociological, 8.15.—"The Prospects of Parliamentary Government," Mr. H. J. Laski.
- Wed. 26. University College, 3.—"Bird and Animal Life on the National Trust Properties," Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell.
British Academy (Royal Society's Rooms), 5.—"English Place-Name Study: its Present Condition and Future Possibilities," Prof. Allen Mawer.
King's College, 5.15.—"Problems of Modern Science: Astronomy," Mr. J. B. Dale.
University College, 6.15.—"Current Statistical Problems in Wealth and Industry," Lecture II., Sir J. C. Stamp. (Newmarch Lectures.)
Industrial League and Council (Caxton Hall, Westminster), 7.30.—"Unemployment: the Best Means of dealing with It," Mr. E. W. Petter.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Origin and Development of the Research Associations established by the Department for Scientific and Industrial Research," Mr. A. Abbott.
- Thurs. 27. Royal Institution, 3.—"Biochemistry: Vitamins," Lecture II., Dr A. Harden.
Royal Society, 4.30.—"On the Myogram of the Flexor-Reflex evolved by a Single Break-shock," Mr. K. Sassa and Prof. C. S. Sherrington; and other Papers.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Rise of Gothic Art: What is Gothic?" Prof. P. Dearmer.
King's College, 5.30.—"Church Music of the Polyphonic Period, 1453-1625," Rev. H. V. Hughes.
University College, 5.30.—"The Comparative Law of Child Labour," Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency.
University College, 5.30.—"L'Anno di Dante," Lecture II., Prof. A. Cippico. (In Italian.)
Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.
Institut Français (Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington), 9.15.—"A la découverte des Anglais," M. André Maurois.

Fine Arts THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY

WHAT one notices particularly at the recurrent exhibitions of the National Portrait Society is the absence of the grand manner which English portraiture so notably had in the eighteenth century. Without it fashionable portraiture seems to lack its *raison d'être*, for the beauty of a sitter is not enough by itself to make a portrait into a distinctive work of art, and painters are debarred by the necessity of being agreeable from making character their motive, unless they have the genius, coupled with the prestige, of Mr. Sargent. But Mr. Sargent is unique in the possession of qualities which reconcile portraiture both to the subjects and to the critical spectator, and if we were to forget that the grand manner had existed in the past, we might very easily make up our minds that portraiture was an impossible art, or, at any rate, fashionable portraiture.

On the whole, the portraits this year at the Grafton Galleries are below the standard of recent exhibitions. Mr. Ambrose McEvoy comes, perhaps, nearer than any other exhibitor to the achievement of a formula which gives grace and distinction to all his sitters. His method has not, one thinks, yet reached its fullest maturity, but he is already beginning to suggest by his facility and brilliance of brushwork a quite recognizable though distant kinship with Reynolds. But where Reynolds was merely adulatory in a substantial way, Mr. McEvoy is adulatory and pleasantly mystical at the same time, and his mysticism has the additional charm of being entirely on the surface. His fine ladies seem to materialize out of the surrounding dusk, of which they are merely a more luminous and slightly less vaporous element. It is, presumably, very gratifying to be shown to the world as a pretty kind of gaseous emanation, just sufficiently opaque to hint at attractive realities of feature, and there is every reason to believe that Mr. McEvoy, if he goes on long enough, will create a type to which every young woman of standing will have to conform or else be hopelessly out of the mode. It will be easier to follow Mr. McEvoy than Mr. Sargent, for very probably the age is not grand enough for a grand manner of portraiture.

Mr. Sargent's "Portrait of Mrs. Ricketts" (39) is so perfectly assured in its tribute to beauty that it seems to belong to a past age. Mr. Augustus John's portraits are entirely outside the tradition of courtliness, but they are so expressive and animated that one easily forgives their lack of grace. Yet, for all their animation, one can hardly say that Mr. John has found his pictorial motive in problems of character. Looking at the portraits of "The Lady Tredegar" (53), "Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bt." (52), "Sir Robert Woods" (48a), and at those entitled "A Glass of Wine" (49) and "The White Mantilla" (51), one finds no clue to personality, though it is tremendously evident that these people are alive, and that Mr. John has the faculty of making them look pleased in a natural way. "The White Mantilla" is the most complete, pictorially, of the set. In this portrait Mr. John shows his delight in dealing with accessories of costume as a setting for a pretty face. But the success of all these portraits seems in the last analysis to lie in the extraordinary aptness with which the painter has seized upon the lively play of eyes and mouth.

As for the rest of the exhibition, there are a cleverly realistic portrait of "Mr. Lucien Pissarro," by Mr. William Strange; several pleasant equestrian portraits by Mr. E. J. Munnings, who is, perhaps, more interested in horses than in men; a portrait bust by Mestrovic; an excellent

drawing by Miss Laura Knight of Mr. W. H. Davies; and an attractive head of a boy, in lead, by Mr. Frank Dobson. The water-colours "by an unknown Victorian artist," lent by Mr. John, are extremely diverting.

O. R. D.

Music

EURHYTHMICS

M. JACQUES-DALCROZE is with us once more, and on January 11, at Queen's Hall, he conducted personally the first of three demonstrations that have been arranged as a practical evidence of the results obtainable by his method. The two subsequent demonstrations will take place, also in Queen's Hall, on January 25 and 26, at 8 p.m., and we can assure readers who are interested in methods of musical education that it is well worth their while to attend them.

Perhaps the most convincing feature of the performance on the 11th inst. was the very imperfection with which the tests were answered; for many of them were improvised, and were, moreover, of so exacting a nature that anyone who could appreciate their difficulty must have been inclined to scepticism had he seen them flawlessly executed. To illustrate in canon, for instance, by song and dance, a piece that is being improvised at the piano, is not exactly a simple matter. It involves, in fact, a very high degree of mental concentration, and the ability to split the mind into entirely watertight compartments, for while you recall and sing the phrase announced by the piano in the previous measure, you must simultaneously listen to and memorize that which it is playing at the moment. Nor is it easy to extemporize movements and gestures to illustrate metrical combinations selected off-hand by members of the audience; or to devise and conduct a rhythmical interpretation of a piece that is being extemporized at the piano. Other tests again, while not in themselves so difficult as those just instanced, were of a kind which it must be peculiarly harassing to essay in public, especially in the cold and merciless glare of Queen's Hall. M. Dalcroze, for example, would set two of his young ladies down at a couple of pianos placed at opposite sides of the platform and bid them play (from memory) one of Bach's two-part inventions, one pianist playing the right-hand part, the other the left. At the command Hop (what memories are evoked!) the right-hand young lady would change to the left-hand part, and vice versa, until the command was repeated, when they would change back again, and so on. This feat, certainly, does not call for any high degree of musical intelligence, but it does call for absolute muscular control, and unflinching presence of mind. Or, again, M. Dalcroze would sit down and extemporize short, incomplete groups of chords or unfinished musical phrases, to be completed impromptu by a pupil at the other piano. Once more, we say, it was not, in a sense, difficult, for M. Dalcroze's harmonies were not abstruse, yet we envied him and his young lady the self-possession and instantaneous resource that enabled them to sit down coolly and complete one another's broken arcs of musical conversation before a Queen's Hall audience. All these feats, as we say, were performed, not always without hesitation, or without a slip, but invariably with courage, and usually with success.

Opportunately, there has been published during the last few days a translation of M. Dalcroze's book, "Rhythm, Music and Education" (Chatto & Windus, 15s.), so that one has had the opportunity to reconsider the principles of his system while its practical results were still fresh in one's mind. The first basic idea is that ear-training is the primary element in musical education, and that without this foundation it is no use trying to master either the theory or the

practice of music. It cannot be said that this conviction is peculiar to M. Dalcroze, for it is not now seriously challenged by any musician of standing; but we must give him the credit for being one of its pioneers. Ear-training alone, however, as M. Dalcroze observes, will not make a child love music; he must be initiated into the true perception of rhythm as well as of tone. And it is when M. Dalcroze begins to develop his theory of rhythm that we scent a possible danger in his methods, for he insists on the purely physical nature of rhythm and maintains that the acuteness of our musical feeling will depend on the acuteness of our bodily sensations; he even goes so far as to say that "the conventional methods of thematic development" have been "killed for all time by Debussy," and that young musicians "will be unanimous in discarding, in order to return to nature . . . every development of an intellectual and didactic order."

Here, plainly, M. Dalcroze is allowing his theories to master him. We dislike this continual harping on the perfection of the body and the unworthiness of the mind; we are moved to assure M. Dalcroze that music in its higher forms is a mode of thought, and not a purely physical or even a purely emotional manifestation, and that Debussy, in any case, had not sufficient strength of arm to deal anything its death-blow. No doubt the just perception of time-values is an important element in musical understanding, and also in musical technique; no doubt, moreover, the practice of dancing and bodily gesture may help greatly in the attainment of that perception. To go further than that is, in our opinion, to confuse the end with the means; it is the besetting danger of all systems, and to point out the danger in this particular case is not to depreciate the merits of Eurhythmic training. On the contrary, we are sure that, wisely used, the method will give most valuable results.

M. Dalcroze's book is discursive in form, and contains a good deal of redundant matter. He has, nevertheless, a stimulating and suggestive mind, which ranges freely over many topics. He is at his best when he speaks of stage-production, and outlines the principles that should govern choral or collective gesture; at his worst, perhaps, when he treats of criticism, of whose nature (to be frank) he has but the very haziest idea. He has little use for "non-creative" critics, but a critic who is himself creative is apparently entitled "to express preferences and judgments founded on his temperament." Who is to judge whether any given critic is "creative" or not? Other "creative" critics? And by what suffrage, in turn, is their "creativity" established? The process would seem to involve a *reductio ad infinitum*.

The translator's English has a natural and easy flow; but we might surely have been spared "polymobile."

R. O. M.

CONCERT

THE Saturday Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall were resumed on January 15, when the soloists were Mr. Ben Davies and Miss Beatrice Harrison. The latter had the honour of playing Elgar's 'Cello Concerto under the composer's own direction. The work had evidently received adequate rehearsal, and the performance was a good one. Miss Harrison played the solo part well, except for a tendency to exaggerate some nuances of the phrasing: for this she made amends by a rare beauty of tone. The rest of the concert was conducted, as usual, by Sir Henry Wood, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony being the chief orchestral item. The performance was marred by too much assertiveness on the part of the brass at the beginning of the last movement, whose opening theme one simply could not distinguish. It was played, no doubt, according to Beethoven's written indications, but the passage is unmistakably one of those dynamic miscalculations which his growing deafness made inevitable. No one could reasonably complain if a conductor exercised a certain discretion in such places.

Drama

LETTERS FROM GERMANY

VI.—KNUT HAMSUN AS DRAMATIST *

HESSISCHES LANDESTHEATER, DARMSTADT.—"Königin Tamara."
By Knut Hamsun.

K NUT HAMSUN, almost unknown in England, has been a familiar name to German readers for many years. But although Germany is as ready to translate foreign plays and produce them as to read foreign novels, Hamsun's dramas have not hitherto been much seen on the German stage. They are mostly plays of modern social life, following in the track of Ibsen, but differing from those of Ibsen's other disciples, Strindberg and Wedekind, in their more delicately suggested psychology. Hamsun gives the *dialogue intime des âmes*, not so much by what his characters say as by what they leave unsaid. For German actors and actresses of the old school they are perhaps too delicate and subtle. The flaming passion of Strindberg, and still more the bitter cruelty of Wedekind, are easier of expression and of understanding to people who, at a certain sacrifice of reticence, have at any rate achieved a ruthless directness of utterance which, however painful, cannot fail to grip the emotions.

"Queen Tamara," which was produced for the first time in Germany at Darmstadt on December 14 last, is a play of a different type, and one which might be acted in various ways. The heroine is that legendary Queen of Georgia familiar to us in Balakirev's ballet. Hamsun's play might easily be turned into an opera, and indeed it almost becomes one at the end, when a ballet is introduced to amplify the final reconciliation. Or it might be played as a study of religious fanaticism, for this Tamara, unlike M. Diaghilev's, is a lady of unshaken virtue and a bigoted Christian, engaged in a war with the Khan of Tovin, who is a Moslem with equal firmness of conviction. But the most obvious way to produce the play is to regard it as a play for an actress-manageress. Tamara is just the sort of part that Sarah Bernhardt or Eleonora Duse would have made their own, at any rate in their mature years. She hardly ever leaves the stage, and she has the opportunity to display every conceivable emotion. And although she is of course young enough to be fascinating and attractive, she reminds us pathetically that she is not so young as she was. She is devoutly orthodox, under the thumb of her confessor; queen in her own right, respectably married to a military prince consort. But she and he are in what Pinero called "mid-channel"; she has borne him two children, but the breach between them is widening. Below the surface both are passionately in love with each other. But Prince Giorgi feels humiliated because he is the queen's inferior; his Christianity is only skindEEP, and the queen's ladies-in-waiting are dangerously provocative. The queen too is proud; she will not abate her authority. And though she believes that Prince Giorgi has consoled himself with the ladies-in-waiting, she is too proud to admit it, and treats both them and him as if she saw nothing.

Prince Giorgi is determined to humiliate her. He does not wish to become king in her stead, but only to show her that he could make himself king if he wished. He wants her love; but he will not beg it. He plans to betray her army to the Khan of Kars, so that in the moment of her supposed defeat she may acknowledge the power of her only rescuer. Meanwhile he has taken prisoner the Khan of Tovin, and is indignant because the queen will not have him put to death. The Khan of Tovin is young and romantic; Tamara will allow no one else the key of his prison. She encourages him to talk to her,

and he forgets the hour of his evening prayer, until Fatimat, the queen's Moslem attendant, reminds him of it. Prince Giorgi returns unexpectedly, but, startled as she is, she holds her own. Fatimat, who has also felt the Khan's attraction and is jealous that he should waste his sweetness on a Christian, lets him out of his prison in the night. But he cannot keep away from Tamara, and comes back, only to be killed by the soldiers. Tamara, when she discovers the murder, has a violent scene with Fatimat, concealing her jealousy under the mask of religious fanaticism. An officer brings the news that the Georgians have defeated the Khan of Kars: Prince Giorgi is in despair, for his plan has miscarried. Suddenly the queen realizes that her son is missing. He has gone to the hills with Fatimat: Prince Giorgi knows what that means, and rushes off to his rescue. Tamara does not realize the designs of Fatimat. Her son is lost in the mountains, that is all. The prisoners, whom a moment ago, in a fit of temper, she had condemned to death, she now sets free; she has but one command, that everyone in the palace shall join in the search for the lost child.

The child is brought back. Prince Giorgi has given himself up in place of his son. Tamara's first instinct is to offer herself in place of Giorgi, but the Prior tells her that it would be useless. Then comes the news of Prince Giorgi's treachery; but Tamara defends him, and refuses to believe anything to his dishonour. Two Moslem officers come from Tovin to ask for the corpse of their Khan in exchange for Prince Giorgi. The queen is ready to agree, but the Prior dominates her. "The true faith before all!" he says. The men of Tovin must accept baptism—there can be no other condition. And he will himself give the Khan Christian burial. The men of Tovin go away, and hardly have they left the stage than the queen changes her mind and orders her women to deck the body with flowers. She will take it herself to Tovin. She is just ready to start, with musicians and dancers, when a noise of fighting is heard, and the men of Tovin take possession of the palace. They are led by Prince Giorgi. Here the play comes really to an end, as Tamara throws herself into her consort's arms. The rest is merely the conventional settling-up of a happy ending.

"Königin Tamara" is a thoroughly effective play for the stage. Its effectiveness is its danger, for it might easily be made into a mere exhibition of upholstery and rhetoric. At Darmstadt there was a severe simplicity of decoration and a serious attempt to present the play as a study of human passions among a people half way between civilization and barbarism. The title-part was taken by Gerda Müller, of the Frankfurt Theatre. If the play tended to become a *prima donna* play, it was simply because Gerda Müller is a very remarkable actress, while the rest of the cast were competent members of a well-directed ensemble. The difficulty in a play of this type is that the characters may easily become either conventional puppets or else be treated with so much modern realism as to lose their poetic quality. Fr. Müller was definitely modern, and it was unfortunate that the impersonator of the prince-consort was definitely inclined to the old-fashioned "heroic" style of German acting. But Fr. Müller's modernity did not prevent her from speaking her lines with a classical purity of speech. She has a voice of singular beauty and a mastery of the technique of speaking which even in a German actress is very notable. With every temptation to play the *prima donna*, watched over perhaps a little too providentially by that vertical lime-light which German stage-hands call the Eye of God, she never exaggerated her effects, never thrust the other characters deliberately into the background. The fascination of Tamara as a dramatic figure, both to the actress and to the spectator, lies in the fact that never until the end does she really say what she means. She is perpetually changing

* Letter V., on "The Classical Stage," appeared on the 14th inst.

her mind, giving orders one moment, countermanning them the moment afterwards: her personality is revealed not by what she speaks, but by what she conceals, or thinks to conceal. Prince Giorgi, on the other hand, is through pride inarticulate, but incapable of guile; he shows himself an utter novice in his one attempt to feign treachery. Fatimat blurts out all her thoughts without restraint; her religion is her dominant passion, and it is for her a moral force, not a matter of politics, as it is for the Prior. Of the German translation I can offer no judgment. Hamsun is evidently a poet who demands careful handling in another language, for he makes his effects as Maeterlinck often does, by evasions, and descends occasionally to a humble simplicity which might easily provoke an English audience to laughter.

The Darmstadt stage, about which I shall have occasion to say more in later letters, has become one of the most enterprising in Germany since the appointment of Gustav Hartung as Intendant. The Revolution has swept away the old-fashioned notion that an Intendant should be a nobleman with an uncertain ear for music and a certain eye for ladies of the ballet. Hartung is a young man with a thorough practical knowledge of the stage, closely in touch with his contemporaries in the world of letters, and keen to produce their works in worthy fashion. As a stage director he spares neither his company nor himself. Rehearsals are arduous, for he is determined to get the best out of his materials, but his patience is without limits, and he has the reputation of always giving each actor the freest practicable opportunity of developing his part on his own lines. His work at Darmstadt is as yet only in its initial stage, but his abilities are appreciated by the younger leaders in criticism, and Darmstadt is already recognized as a leading centre of new ideas in drama.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE GENIUS OF THE COMMONPLACE

GAIETY THEATRE.—"The Betrothal." By Maurice Maeterlinck.

NOTHING is more curious than the skill with which M. Maeterlinck decorates the commonplace of his ideas. There is not, as far as we remember, in the whole of "The Betrothal" a single notion that is not worn with currency. That the hour of adolescence is the hour when the young man turns to the business of love; that every man bears within himself both his ancestors who are dead and his children who have not yet lived; that love is to be distinguished from trifling affections, fancies and desires; that marriage with any woman but the one who is really loved runs the risk of an unhappy ending—such are the themes on which he embroiders. Originality he eschews; shrewdness he abhors (and would probably think cynical); no idea that would detonate in a story-book for young girls is allowed to enter the charmed circle of his thinking. At the same time he cannot be ranked among the poets of a classical cast of mind who make the commonplace glow with new life. On the contrary, as has been said, he tears out of his copy of the commonplace book every trace of that biting, ironic wisdom, born of experiencing life instead of dreaming over it, which is found in the proverbs of all languages. The motto in the Christmas cracker is for him the last word of truth; in the light of his innocence, Mr. Chesterton himself looks *blasé*.

Where then lies the attraction of a work like "The Betrothal"? It lies simply in the silvery glimmer of the Maeterlinckian style (even more seductive in "The Betrothal," we think, than in "The Blue Bird") and in the fragile enchantment of the fancy, to break which would be like breaking a doll decked out by a happy child. We know that the dreams of adolescence are considerably

more turbid than the pure and playful vision of Tytlyl, but we are not going to be the ones to wake him from that vision. Besides (to tell the truth), we enjoy it ourselves.

Of course, so far as "The Betrothal" is concerned, M. Maeterlinck is only the predominant partner in an artistic firm. There are, besides him, Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, who makes the music, and Mr. Charles Ricketts, who translates the poem into stage pictures as gorgeous as great frescoes come to life; and first and last, and invisibly active all the time, there is the producer, Mr. Granville Barker. Are we really going to be so foolish as ever to let Mr. Barker slip through our fingers again and get away to America? Although one would have doubted the possibility ten years ago, he has actually matured and strengthened his powers since he left us. At the present moment a Barker production stands quite by itself on our stage, without competitors of its own class. We do not mean to say that all Mr. Barker's ideas and designs are just. He often arranges particular scenes in a way that other stage-directors would surpass—the episode in "The Betrothal," for instance, where Tytlyl's ancestors throng the market-place of his soul, seemed to us a mere ingenious confusion, "admirable disorder." And in general his genius is too positive to realize (as Fokine, for instance, realizes) the poetical suggestiveness which movement and grouping can bear. The point of his superiority lies rather in the executive ability with which he ensures his ideas being carried into action. No detail is left loose or dropped in any scene, the *tempo* is perfect, each player has somehow been made capable of doing exactly what Mr. Barker intended should be done. He conducts his stage like a perfectly trained orchestra, and nobody "fails" in any one of his shows. It seems probable to us, as we look back now, that the unexpected failure of "The Romantic Young Lady," after what seemed a promising start, was really a case of Mr. Barker concealing the defects of a play by his skill in setting it out to advantage. He perhaps postponed in that way an immediate breakdown.

Nobody fails, we said, in a Barker production. In "The Betrothal" nobody has a chance of failing, for nobody has much to do. The Fairy Godmother Berylune, with her peremptory graces as of an elderly eighteenth-century Marquise, is child's play, of course, for Miss Winifred Emery. Miss Gladys Cooper, the predestined bride, admirably chosen to express the beauty of serene and tender wifehood and maternity, had but to display herself, when finally released from her veils, to win a triumph though some of us would have subscribed more willingly to the cries of "A Raphael come to life!" if she had more graceful ways of standing on the stage. It is, perhaps, less easy than it looks to play Tytlyl right through without allowing innocence to fade into insipidity, so Mr. Bobbie Andrews is to be applauded. Mr. Ivan Berlyn, an actor of unusual versatility, managed to be impressive as the shrinking figure of Destiny, which in its larger phases was amusingly suggestive of one of Mr. Wells's Martians drawn by a Cubist artist; and Mr. William Farren made the Miser (a character in which the author fairly outdoes even his own previous efforts in conventionality) a really touching and comprehensible figure. It remains for M. Maeterlinck to write "Marriage," "Paternity," "The Grandfather" and "The Grave"—and then, since there are (it is well known) no dead, begin again. D. L. M.

"RALPH ROISTER DOISTER"

SITTING in the dimly-lit Abbot's Hall at Westminster with its blackened rafters, rude walls and draughty diamond-pane windows, it really seemed possible, in spite of the cunning limelights on the platform, that the players engaged, thanks to Miss K. Ashton's enterprise, upon scandalous old Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister" (c. 1541) were not well-bred amateurs of to-day from the O.U.D.S.

and other clubs, but a troop of strollers playing on the dais before the carved screen as they would have done—let us say in the time of Edward or Elizabeth, for no doubt Abbot Feckenham under Queen Mary would have swept them forth sternly enough. Alas! The ladies were too dainty for any strolling troop and the illusion vanished.

"Ralph Roister Doister" is not a masterpiece of humour—although Shakespeare seems to have stolen from the letter episode in it the idea of Quince's prologue mangled by misplacing the stops. Apart from the two characters of Ralph and his sycophant, both stolen from the "Miles Gloriosus" of Plautus, there is nothing alive in it at all, nor does it tell us much about the social habits of the time—except to suggest that the religious revolution of the period entered little into the interests of common folk. Were the ceremonies at Ralph's mock-funeral meant to be a hit at the rites of the old religion, or do they show simply how old customs survived the attempt to uproot them? Is the epilogue authentic or a later addition? And who is the religious Queen so highly praised? Was it Queen Mary? If so, Udall (the Lutheran and stealer of silver images) was a sad turncoat. Such speculations agreeably tickle the mind of the onlooker to-day, and Mr. A. L. B. Ashton's setting to the songs, full of the spirit of the period, agreeably tickles his ears. Among the players, who gave an *ensemble* showing scrupulous and skilful rehearsing, that well-known O.U.D.S. and M.A.D.S. member Mr. J. C. Ledward stood out head and shoulders as the sycophant, Merrygreek. For easy and delicate comedy it is the best thing perhaps that this accomplished amateur has done. D. L. M.

Correspondence

ENGLISH DRAMA IN PARIS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Excuse me, but you are in error, as is also M. Lenormand, whom you quote (ATHENÆUM, January 7, p. 5), and who has less reason to be.

Though it be perfectly true that the Colonnas Morris are, generally speaking, a disgrace to Paris, it is not accurate to say that Paris is deprived of Bernard Shaw, Strindberg, etc.—at least, to imply that it is so entirely, or that the Vieux Colombier is the only playhouse "with a programme worth stirring oneself to see." "L'Œuvre," which has just produced a masterpiece by a Belgian writer, is quite as worth it. For "Le Cocu Magnifique," by Crommelynck, is comparable with the old Spanish drama, and acted in a manner fully equal, if not superior, to that prevalent at the Vieux Colombier. Alternately Strindberg, Ibsen and other great foreigners are given nightly on that stage. There is a Russian Theatre in the Champs Elysées; and at the Théâtre Molière, Gémier has Shakespeare (somewhat mutilated, it is true) and Bernard Shaw in this season's repertory. As to the Vieux Colombier, it has announced "The Playboy of the Western World," and is giving "Twelfth Night" at present.

En marge I will add that Wagner was listened to reverently at the Grand Opéra the other evening—for the first time since the war.

Yours truly,

26, Rue Jacob, Paris.

M. CIOLKOWSKA.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your amusing note on the French theatre in THE ATHENÆUM of the 7th inst. is too scathing. Attempts are made by the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, and even "Le Français," to popularize foreign drama. With narrow-minded, insular people like the French, who recently hissed Wagner's "Valkyrie" as well as Stravinsky, the difficulties of introducing anything new, foreign or French, are immense.

In the Latin Quarter the fine effort of the Vieux Colombier is described as "énorme" or "monstrueux." In the Sorbonne, which demonstrating students regularly hoot for its advanced and germanized teaching, leading professors would appear reactionary to a Trinity Hall undergraduate.

Only yesterday M. Le Breton, in a lecture on "La Pitié Sociale chez Victor Hugo," stated that "Pierre Loti est le plus grand écrivain [*sic*] de notre génération"—not even "romancier" or "écrivain français." For another professor, M. Strowski, "français" would necessarily include "européen," for he, in a lecture on "La Pensée Européenne," declared that Dante was read only in Italy, Goethe was merely German (condemnation enough!), and Shakespeare was only a national poet, whereas the French writers were universal; for "on trouve en France plus que la France, on y trouve l'univers," and "D'autres pays ont leurs modes. La France est la mode du monde"! When such is the atmosphere of this "advanced" University of Paris how can you expect ordinary folk to welcome anything foreign?

Yours faithfully,

38, Rue St. Séverin, Paris,

S. J. C. RUSSELL.

CORN IN IRELAND

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In the notice of Mr. Chart's "An Economic History of Ireland" (ATHENÆUM, December 10, 1920) your reviewer states that "up till about 1600 oats formed practically the sole crop, and that then as now 'stores' or lean cattle were exported to England to be there fattened . . . information which we can find in the most elementary political history-book." Surely only in such a book! Neither Mr. Chart, whose work I have read, nor your reviewer, seems even remotely familiar with the sources of the history of Irish corn. For "stores" cattle a reference to the "Egmont Diary" (Hist. MSS. Com. Reports) would be illuminating. The erudite essay, "The Antiquity of Wheat in Ireland," of that great scholar Dr. O'Donovan, cannot be familiar to either gentleman. "The Brehon Laws" (Record Commissioners) contain elaborate ordinances pertaining to the milling of corn. These laws go back to the fifth century, possibly earlier, in their editors' opinion. The editor of the Calendar of Documents, Scotland, expresses amazement at the quantities of all kinds of corn and foodstuffs then exported from Ireland to feed the armies of Edward I. campaigning in Scotland. Ireland, he declares, must have been a veritable Land of Goshen, and truly adds that no one would go there to-day to seek corn. The Irish Calendars of Documents are richer still in evidence of Irish tillage. They show the export of great quantities of wheat, wheat-malt, pease, beans and bran, as well as malt and beer. "The Irish Statute Rolls, John to Edward IV." (edited by Dr. Berry), contain a mass of proofs of the cultivation of corn in the Green Isle. The volumes of the printed Irish State Papers, Henry VIII., and the Calendars of Irish State Papers (1509-1600) and Carew Calendars, not to mention the Calendars of Close Rolls, England, supply thousands of instances to confute such a statement as that "oats formed practically the sole crop." Irish corn was sold in the fifteenth-century London Corn Market. (See Gras, "The Evolution of the English Corn Market," wherein may be read other data and authorities *re* Irish corn.) Such well-known works on sixteenth-century Ireland as those of Fynes Moryson and Edmund Spenser lend no countenance to such a fiction. The former writes: "In times of peace the Irish transport good quantity of corn"; the latter: "The country people themselves are great plowers and small spenders of corn." Cork alone exported 10,000 quarters of corn a year. Spenser adds: "I know there is plenty of corn sent oversea from thence."

The English statutes 17 Ed. II., 34 Ed. III., prove that corn was exported from Ireland.

In 1588 English agents in Spain reported that all the previous year Irish vessels had been coming to Bilbao, St. Sebastian, and Corunna, laden with wheat and other goods (Dom. Cal. Add. p. 255). Lord Burleigh was advised (1592), by one Ed. Palmer, from St. Jean de Luz, that the "Irish will altogether feed Spain with grain."

Perhaps your reviewer will disclose his authority for the statement that between 1100 and 1500 Irish "stores" cattle were exported "to be fattened in England," and name the ports. Students will find the information unique.

Yours sincerely,

Goole,

H. EGAN KENNY.

January 8, 1921.

Foreign Literature

MADAME DE MAINTENON

MADAME DE MAINTENON. Par Mme. Saint-René Taillandier. "Figures du Passé." (Paris, Hachette. 15fr.)

THE unacknowledged wife of Louis XIV. was always true to herself, especially in the reputation she wished to leave behind her. When she wrote to her confessor, the Bishop of Chartres, "Je n'avais pas de passions," but "je voulais de la gloire," she set down the real verdict to be passed on her with singular lucidity. The Becky Sharp side of her character was due entirely to circumstance, not to inclination. Born in a prison, tossed backwards and forwards between her Protestant and Catholic relations, converted after a desperate resistance and only on condition that her Huguenot aunt should not be condemned to Hell, and married to little paralytic, cadding and moonstruck Scarron as her one means of escape from the convent, the granddaughter of the old fanatic Agrippa d'Aubigné had an invaluable education in adventure. She underwent, like George Borrow, her "veiled period," that of her widowhood, concerning which Saint-Simon hints portentous things. But Ninon de Lenclos, an expert in such matters, declared that whatever might have happened in the yellow room, "Madame Scarron a toujours été sage." Taciturn, but never lacking in the appropriate phrase, she was an accepted member of the society of high preciousity which included La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Sévigné and Mme. de La Fayette. She was to them "Le Dégel," the thaw that gave play to their spirits.

Mme. Scarron's opportunity for "la gloire" came when she was appointed governess to the children of the King and Mme. de Montespan—"the offspring of the double adultery," as Saint-Simon pleasantly calls them. She was brought within the Court circle at a critical moment of the reign. The morals of the great King stood in urgent need of reform; Bossuet and Bourdaloue preached at him to that effect. He inclined in that direction himself, more especially as Mme. de Montespan made scenes, and he hated scenes. "Quanto" (What's the stake?), in addition to being tempestuous, gambled insatiably, and her progresses made inordinate inroads on the royal treasury. So, while Mme. de Maintenon waited, he sought peace in the pretty stupidity of Mme. de Fontanges. In Mme. Saint-René Taillandier's admirable study, Mme. de Montespan's famous saying, "J'ai le nom [de maîtresse]; elle a le corps [du roi]; vous avez le cœur," is to be sought for in vain. Perhaps she does not consider it among the "petits faits vrais" on which M. Bourget compliments her in his preface; still it interprets the crisis for us. Anyhow, the two favourites were dismissed, Mme. de Montespan to take refuge by and by in the austerities of penitence, while Mme. de Fontanges dwindled and died. And the Queen dying too—"le premier chagrin qu'elle m'ait fait," as Louis XIV. remarked with sublime egotism—the feminine Watts-Dunton secured her Swinburne. It was "la gloire" indeed! Even in the equivocal stage before the marriage, whatever its exact date may have been, Mme. de Sévigné considered the position an incomparable one.

Always sagacious, Mme. de Maintenon eclipsed herself in public behind the petticoats of Duchesses. Hers was the private hour, when the royal ex-amorist, well on in his forties, respectably adorned the family circle of children (mostly illegitimate it is true) and grandchildren, the hope of France. She was still "Le Dégel" that tried to inspire lethargic and wolf-hunting Monseigneur with a sense of public duty, and lavished didactic affection as a "bonne tante" on the little Duchesse de Bourgogne, destined one day, as they prayed, to be a virtuous Queen. There were occasions, however, when she emerged from

her cloud. Was not ireful Saint-Simon present at the splendid Compiègne review when the greatest King in the world paraded his servitude to the odious woman by humbly tapping at her carriage window, when he wished to speak to her, and even went so far as to put his hat on the roof to get his head in through the opening? Saint-Simon may have exaggerated the incident, but he did not invent it.

And so, in spite of her seclusion, in spite of her aped humility, Mme. de Maintenon made many and bitter enemies. They ascribed to her the misfortunes of France, though it is pretty certain that she had nothing to do with the architectural extravagance on Versailles and Marly that Louis XIV. lamented on his deathbed, and rarely touched foreign policy, beyond carrying on a desultory correspondence with Mme. des Ursins, the governess of the Queen of Spain. Even so, she was for peace long before the Treaty of Utrecht. But in matters touching his renown the King was immutable. So Mme. de Maintenon had to look on while the revocation of the Edict of Nantes assumed its ruthless stage. Conversions "en masse" were not to her ordered taste, though she angled skilfully, one by one, for the souls of her Protestant relations. "Pour ceux qui se convertissent par peur," wrote the granddaughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, "c'est un état effrayant que le leur."

While her body was at Court, especially during the dreary evenings of their old age when the King, with seventeenth-century expansiveness, wept over the misfortunes of his armies, and "had no conversation," her mind was at Saint-Cyr. In her unwearied and wise supervision of that estimable foundation for the upbringing of poor girls of good family we perceive the real Mme. de Maintenon, not a Becky Sharp, but an enlightened Miss Pinkerton. It was not her fault that the liberal lines on which she planned the Institute were circumscribed by the Church as being too worldly. Her one mistake, the introduction of the mystical Mme. Guyon, in whom Bossuet promptly scented a heretic, she corrected by throwing over the quietist lady and Fénelon with her. In general terms Mme. de Maintenon's direction of Saint-Cyr may be pronounced a remarkable experiment, notably in its perception of the bearings of beauty and harmony on budding character. The performances of Racine's "Esther" were an educational event. And yet, as M. Bourget well observes, we cannot like Mme. de Maintenon; there was too much of the overprecise Huguenot in her and she was too self-centred. Her desertion of Louis XIV. several days before the breath was out of his body wears an ugly look. Mme. Taillandier hints at royal etiquette and other things, but the excuse will hardly serve. When, in turn, Mme. de Maintenon died, the Regent's mother wrote to her German relatives, "La vieille guenipe est crevée." The phrase reads crudely in its French translation, but it is certain that, outside Saint-Cyr, Mme. de Maintenon left very few to regret her, except her one weakness, the Duc du Maine, Mme. de Montespan's elder son, and he was in prison.

LL. S.

LA QUENOUILLE DU BONHEUR. Par Lily Jean Javal. (Paris, Grasset. 6fr. 75.)—There is a delicacy, a fragrance and freshness about this old-world story that one does not often find in a modern novel. The time is the 'sixties, the scene a little country town, the heroine a quite young girl. It is a love-idyll, simple as "Daphnis and Chloe," and in the end all is well. But the book is by no means insipid; some of the portraits, particularly that of Aurore's godmother, the clever and ironic Mlle. de la Bocagère, are admirably drawn. The whole thing floats in an atmosphere of poetry, possesses an unanalysable charm. Much of that charm, no doubt, lies in its telling. The story is old as the hills, yet, by what magic we know not, it produces an effect of originality.

MEMORY

DU RÔLE DE LA MÉMOIRE DANS NOS CONCEPTIONS MÉTAPHYSIQUES, ESTHÉTIQUES, PASSIONNELLES, ACTIVES. Par Eugène d'Eichthal, Membre de l'Institut. (Paris, Alcan. 3fr.)

THE Muses, the Greeks said, are the daughters of Memory; M. d'Eichthal tells us that our thoughts, our passions and our actions are no less so. Indeed, there seems to be nothing, according to him, that is not the daughter of Memory except memory herself. In metaphysics he reduces the conceptions of Time and Space to mere effects of the memory. "Sans elle," he says, "nous n'aurions jamais que la perception d'un présent, et celle d'un point ou d'une forme uniques. La mémoire nous fournit le sentiment de la durée et de la succession des phénomènes." Our visualization of the future, immediate or remote, is simply the projection of our yesterday into our to-morrow—a recollection, if one may put it in that way, of what is going to happen. Without the power of projecting the past forward we should be incapable of a single conscious action, "garottés que nous serions par le présent." But the future is the realm of freedom; we can cast ourselves into it as far as we desire; we can "remember" æons to come, but of what has been we can only remember what we remember. Thus, says M. d'Eichthal, out of the mere functioning of the memory there arises the conception of immortality—an immortality not in this life, for memory herself tells us that all living things perish, but "une vie future que n'aura plus, au point de vue de la durée, les caractères de la vie corporelle." Memory, he says, is the basis (one wonders how much that means!) of all the religions which assume the existence of any kind of heaven.

The claims for the memory which are made here are not really so great as they seem. It amounts to this, that M. d'Eichthal tells us that without memory there would not be time and space; and we are bound to agree, for memory can only function in time and space. He goes on to say that without the past we could not have the future, and that if we could not conceive the future we could not conceive immortality. It is indisputable, but it is not new. Nor does it appear to carry us very far.

The most striking defect in the book it is hard to explain, much more to explain away. M. d'Eichthal attempts to give a psychological interpretation of æsthetic phenomena, and yet he never mentions in æsthetics, on the one hand, Croce, and in psychology, on the other, Freud and Jung. He does not deal with intuition, which Croce called the condition of art, nor with transformation or sublimation, in which the psychologists of the unconscious see its origin. These signal omissions give his volume an air of irrelevance. He does not even remark that there is memory and memory. There are obviously, however, two kinds of memory, or rather infinite varieties of it in which two main species may be distinguished. There is the memory which carries the thing remembered nearly as it is, and that which retains it, but transformed. The latter is the only kind that throws much light upon art. To say that without memory there would be no metaphysics and no art is not enough, unless it is explained at the same time how the metaphysical part of metaphysics and the æsthetic part of art come into being. Yet that is all that M. d'Eichthal does. It follows that for him "le beau suppose la certitude, attestée par la mémoire, qu'il n'existe pas de lacune ou de défaillance dans l'œuvre appréciée"—in other words, that the author's memory is good. But that we, who are not the author, should know this, presupposes a general memory which is at the same time the recollection of a particular thing known only to the author. It presupposes, in fact, something which is not memory merely, but imagination. To reduce art to its constituent parts is not to explain it.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

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